Riverside Literature Series

# Representative English and Scottish Popular Ballads

Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Riverside Literature Series

# ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS

SELECTED AND EDITED FOR STUDY UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF

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*President of Smith College*

BY

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# PREFACE

THE present volume is designed to meet the needs of a less advanced class of students than is provided for in the comprehensive collections of the late Professor Child or in the edition by Kittredge and Sargent in the Cambridge Poets series. Those great sources of material and illustration have been drawn upon, as was inevitable, with great freedom; and this selection is to be regarded as an introduction which, it is hoped, may allure students to a more exhaustive study of the subject. With this end in view, the attempt has been made to lay solid foundations for the understanding and appreciation of ballad poetry by making the selection representative, by refraining from any tampering with the texts, either in spelling or in readings, and by supplying abundant references to works in which the study of ballads may be further pursued.

Miss Witham's Introduction seeks to give in concise form the gist of the most recent scholarship concerning the characteristics and the origin of ballads. Here she is naturally chiefly indebted to Professor Gummere, especially in his book on the Popular Ballad, and to Professor Kittredge in the introduction to his volume in the Cambridge Poets series. The notes show similarly a free use of the introductions by Professor Child in his great final collection; and by specific references the reader is constantly reminded of the mass of variants to be found there, a knowledge of which is so essential to a right conception of ballad poetry.

It is not to be supposed, however, that basing the book upon these fundamental authorities makes it any less serviceable to the reader who wishes merely to enjoy. The preservation of the spelling of the texts as Professor Child prints them offers but a slight obstacle to easy intelligibility, and soon comes to be to any lover of ballads almost an essential feature. Modernization is, moreover, impossible without some degree of falsification, and no method at once consistent and innocuous has yet been discovered.

The writing of the Introduction and the compiling of the Notes and Glossary are the work of Miss Witham, the share of the supervising editor having been confined to criticism and advice. Obligations to the works of Professors Child, Gummere, and Kittredge have been specifically recognized wherever possible, and a general acknowledgment is here gratefully rendered.

W. A. Neilson.

Cambridge, Mass., January 5, 1909.

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# INTRODUCTION

Over a century ago, in Scotland — the land where "every field has its battle and every rivulet its song" — lived a boy who loved nothing so much as to listen to tales of olden times. Especially he loved those told him in verse. What he heard he remembered; retold to his playmates when they would listen; or, lacking that audience, would shout out to the empty air for the sheer joy of their sound. His enthusiasm was no respecter of persons; bursting into his mother's parlor one day, roaring forth the lines of the ballad *Hardyknute*, he put to rout the parish clergyman, who ended his call abruptly, exclaiming, "One may as well speak in the mouth of a cannon as where that child is!" A year or so later the same boy came upon a copy of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. All day he pored over the precious ballads, under the shade of a huge plane tree, forgetful even of dinner until he was sent for. In young manhood "that child" was binding together for himself six volumes of ballads and folk-songs of his own collecting. Over moss and moor, into "shepherd's hut or minister's manse," he had ridden on his quest — an indefatigable ballad-hunter. No distance was too great, no path too rough, that would lead him to those who possessed a ballad he had never heard. And in old age, death staring him in the face, he steadied himself by repeating from the noble *Otterburn*: —

> My wound is deep, I fain wad sleep,
> Nae mair I'll fighting see;

Gae lay me in the bracken bush
That grows on yonder lee.

All these ballads which Scott so loved, and which he had gathered together with the aid of friends as enthusiastic as himself — Leyden,[1] Shortreed, Heber, — he shared with the world in the *Border Minstrelsy*. Among the congratulations that poured in upon him as soon as it was published there was one dissenting voice. An honest old woman of the North Countrie,[2] who had sung many of the songs for Scott for the first time, moaned, "They were made for singing, and no for reading; but ye ha'e broken the charm now, an' they 'll never be sung mair." To find just why she believed so despairingly that to print them was to kill them we must go to the ballads themselves.

## *Origin and Development of Ballads*

Let us read aloud — since we have fallen upon the evil days that know them not by heart — any three or

[1] "In this labor," says Scott, "he [Leyden] was equally interested by friendship for the editor, and by his own patriotic zeal for the honor of the Scottish borders; and both may be judged from the following circumstance. An interesting fragment had been obtained of an ancient historical ballad; but the remainder, to the great disturbance of the editor and his coadjutor, was not to be recovered. Two days afterwards, while the editor was sitting with some company after dinner, a sound was heard at a distance like that of the whistling of a tempest through the torn rigging of the vessel which scuds before it. The sounds increased as they approached more near; and Leyden (to the great astonishment of such of the guests as did not know him) burst into the room, chanting the desiderated ballad with the most enthusiastic gestures, and all the energy of what he used to call the saw tones of his voice. It turned out that he had walked between forty and fifty miles and back again, for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed this precious remnant of antiquity." Lockhart's *Scott*, i, 303.

[2] The mother of James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd."

four, say *Sir Patrick Spence*, *Kemp Owyne*, *The Twa Sisters*, *The Bonny Earl of Murray*. At once the rise and fall of the easy iambic metre starts in our ears. "Come to Craigy's sea and kiss with me" and "Binnorie, O Binnorie," echo like musical refrains. And there 's a haunting tune in

> He was a braw gallant,
> And he rid at the ring;
> And the bonny Earl of Murray,
> Oh he might have been a king!
>
> He was a braw gallant,
> And he played at the ba';
> And the bonny Earl of Murray
> Was the flower amang them a'.

The blunt critic was right, then, — the ballads were indeed made for singing. Were they as truly "no for reading"? They are surely different from other reading. Close the book, and their words, all plain and unassuming as they are, abide with us; so do their homely epithets, — "milk-white hand," "cherry cheeks"; their inevitable rhymes, — wine . . . mine, me . . . sea; their simple iterations, — "late, late yestreen," "O lang, lang may their ladies sit"; and their oft-repeated lines. Not so cling the verses of the conscious poets, — Shakespeare, or Wordsworth, or Browning. They are to be read and re-read from the printed page, and could never have trusted for life to our memories. And this was exactly the old woman's distinction. Not having been committed, for generations, to type, — as if told once for all and done with, — ballads were free to change, to alter a phrase, add a new episode, vary a refrain, or adapt themselves to new localities and events. In short, ballads lived a genuine life, sus-

ceptible to growth and development, like any other organism. From this point of view, to print them was sure death; but, fortunately for us, a death that meant immortality. We may be forgiven, however, for wishing an impossible thing — that our collections of ballads to-day could, like the books of merry Lincoln, open themselves and be "read without man's tongue," that so we might catch a nearer glimpse of what they meant to those who heard them chanted in old ballad days, and have a clearer comprehension of the grief of Sir Walter's friend.

"Made for singing, and no for reading," brings us directly to the vexed question of ballad origins. It is reasonable to believe that what clings to our memories without great conscious effort may, perhaps must, have had its being in the memories, rather than in the conscious efforts of those, whoever they may be, to whom we owe these unsigned poems; and that what sings itself in our ears must have had its birth in song. We may venture, then, a proposition to be proved as we go on, — that a ballad is a tale *telling itself* in song.[1] A *tale*, meaning that in all ballads the narrative element persists from beginning to end; *telling itself*, in the sense that there is no revelation of an individual author in the lines; *in song*, in that the singing quality of the verse impresses us at once as its life and soul. The first and third terms of our proposition are self-evident from the reading of even four ballads; it is the second term that demands discussion.

A *tale telling itself* is too shadowy a conception to

[1] See Kittredge, Introduction to *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, Cambridge Ed., p. xi.

be altogether comfortable; it needs defining. That ballads are anonymous is indisputable, and equally clear is it that they do not belong to that class of anonymous poetry from which the author's name has merely been accidentally lost, or wilfully withheld. There is no chance of tracing them by the internal evidences of style to any individual author. Ballads do not sound like Burns, or Byron, or Rossetti, — they sound simply like ballads. He who sang the ballad was for the moment as much its author as any one ever can be — but author in an unusual sense, having no mind to express himself, playing no part in his poem, exhibiting as a rule no feeling at the events recounted. So sweepingly is this true that one or two appearances in ballads of the personal pronoun "I," representing the singer, are a marked departure from the rule.

But to deny ballads authorship is not to deny them origin. All the ballads in this small volume are popular in origin. That is, they had their rise among the common people, were a feature of primitive community life, and sung both in the household and in the village gathering. Their beginnings carry us back to an age whose poet could not write, but must sing or recite to an audience that could not read. The society of those days was homogeneous, having all interests in common, knowing no intellectual divisions, enjoying — king and peasant — much the same diversions, and, above all else, delighting in that singing and dancing with which a whole community celebrated occurrences that touched them all. It is but a commonplace of history that such celebrations actually existed among primitive folk; and even to-day in Africa, South America, and Australia may be found such dancing, singing throngs. It is

hard, at first thought, to believe that in these savage festivals poetry had its beginnings. But let us imagine a situation that is typical of several ballads, — the murder of wife and children while the lord of the castle is away from home. Suppose messengers coming into the midst of a community to tell of the tragedy, and the people gathering around them. The listening throng greet their words with the motions and inarticulate exclamations of strong excitement, and these gradually, like the cheering and swaying of any mob, become rhythmical. The speakers, too, fall into the swing, partly because the influence of the gesticulating crowd is upon them, and partly because their own intense feeling tends to voice itself in rhythm. They narrate one incident after another until the tale is told with some completeness. And in their pauses, for breath or for recollecting, the undertone of the crowd, which has been like a burden to their song, rises into a chorus or refrain. The singers use the simple traditional phrases of the people naturally, so their tale is easily remembered. Again and again will they be called upon to tell it, and again and again will the people, for they cannot help learning it, sing it for themselves. Modifications and additions will be made as time goes on, — perhaps a bit of the family history of the principal actors now become significant, or an incident of the tragedy itself discovered later, and supplied by some one in the throng. The tale is never done so long as the folk sing it; *it is ever in the making* and *the makers are the people.* The next step in development would be that he who was most skilful in fashioning or adding to the song — one of the first messengers possibly, but some one else in the throng

just as likely — would receive the special approval of the listening people. As they realized his genius they would doubtless hang on his narrative in silence, and join in only on the refrain. His version then would be the one most generally remembered. And yet he would never think of claiming it as his own individual *production;* he and the people both are its authors,[1] *unconscious* authors, and the career of the song instead of being finished is just beginning. At a later period we should find the people giving more and more prominence to the single singer. Then would come the temptation to the minstrel, thus admired and courted, to make his singing a profession, to draw not only upon traditional stuff, but to improvise for himself, using old phrases and idioms, but juggling and inventing incidents at will. And this step brings us to a class of ready-made ballads, of which we shall need to speak again, but which are quite different from the traditional material with which we are now concerned. The significant point throughout the whole process — and it is not a fanciful one — is that *the people and the minstrel together* stand for our modern author, and oral tradition for our printed book.

This is the only kind of authorship which can be recognized for the popular ballad.[2] It is a composite of two parts, mutually dependent: first, an initial act of composition at a given time by one person; second, a subsequent process of collective authorship. The pro-

[1] See Kittredge, Introduction to *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, Cambridge Ed., p. xxv, for a concrete example of the way in which minstrel and people worked together.

[2] A reasonable working out of this theory in detail was first accomplished by Professor Gummere. See *The Beginnings of Poetry* (Macmillan) and *The Popular Ballad* (Houghton Mifflin Company).

portion contributed by each may vary with every ballad. The peculiar position of the *one*, however, must be clearly understood, neither over- nor under-estimated. His theme is not a private one but belongs to the *folk;* he uses not his own carefully sought expressions, but the familiar phraseology of the *folk;* and the listening presence of the *folk* is the force that moulds the manner, and sometimes, although to a less degree, the matter, of his song. It is a far cry from him to Shelley's poet,

> hidden
> In the light of thought,
> Singing hymns unbidden,

that are a part of his own being but may or may not find other listeners.

This theory of composite authorship seems as near as we can ever come reasonably to the conception of a *tale telling itself.* Recognizing, as it does, both the minstrel and the people, it saves us from the haziness of Grimm's theory which, in its insistence upon the *folk as author*, brings us to the amusing spectacle of all the folk of a community suddenly pouring forth upon occasion unpremeditated concerted song. Given a singing, dancing people celebrating an event of common interest, Grimm says, different members, one after another, would make up a stanza; and the sum of these stanzas would be the song, so held in reverence that no individual reciter would ever dare to alter it. But this supposes all the members of a community equally gifted in composition, and does not take into sufficient account the irrepressible *one*, more skilful than all the others. It fails where most socialistic theories fail — in being unable to suppress the inevitable rise of the individual.

Another interesting theory grants more to the individual. It holds that Grimm's *folk* did not always dance and ejaculate in rhythm nor demand that all tales should be told them in rhythm. They loved just as well to talk over their exploits, past and present, in prose, giving full circumstance, explanation, and connection; and then called at certain points for some good singer among them to chant the episode. Naturally the song would be remembered long after the surrounding prose had been lost, and would continue to be remembered for generations. This theory would account for the abrupt beginnings, the lack of connections, the unexplained situations, — all the uncertainties in the ballads that give rise to the questions who? when? where? why? that never can be really answered. But it minimizes the part of the people in the first making of the song, and neglects the part of the singing and dancing throng.[1]

[1] It is easy to lay down laws as to the ways of primeval folk, for, since they are not here to contradict us, our theories once based upon a historical fact may wax unchecked. But an incident observed this summer (1907) served to force home the possibility of this double ballad authorship. A group of Italian women working in a field near my home sang every morning what had, to my ears, that could distinguish not the matter but the manner only, — the rythmic swing, the stanza, the refrain, all the marks of a popular song. One among them sang the stanzas, and all joined in a vociferous chorus. At my first hearing a certain number of stanzas were sung through in this way, and then the song came to a full stop. So far I thought of it only as a song. But, after a pause, I heard the voice of the leader ringing out again, and saw her gesticulating as she sang. The others stopped their work to listen and look, hanging on every syllable, laughing louder and louder as she reached the end of her stanza. Then came a "doubly re-doubled" refrain — spontaneous applause, without any doubt, for a spontaneously composed stanza. I could not be sure on subsequent days that this identical stanza took up its place for good and all in the song, but I saw a similar process of improvisation of new stanzas many times, and I judged that the special minstrel

Tending still more to individualistic origins is a third theory that considers everything about the ballad — matter and manner — the work of some particular minstrel; and looks upon the people as listening only at first and later repeating what the minstrel sings. It would consider ballads popular as "popular songs" are popular to-day, — the people like them, learn them, and sing them freely. It would grant that in the course of time the people would make changes; repetitions and stock phrases would creep in, and direct modification might occur. This concession might seem to bring this theory into line with that of communal authorship; but the difference between the two lies in the emphasis placed upon the agency of the people. The theory which makes the individual the author makes the contribution of the people a mere accident of little import; whereas the theory of communal authorship makes it the one absolute essential without which a ballad could not be a ballad. In other words, the former looks upon a ballad as a single act of creation; the latter believes it to be the end of a long process, and that process the only reasonable explanation of the peculiar structure, the unvarying anonymity and the striking impersonality of the ballads, and above all, of the fact that baliad making is to-day a lost art.

### *Ballad Structure*

We have already noted that ballads reveal a likeness to one another, and a difference from all other poetry.

among them was almost daily "on with a new one," she thus taking the lead, the others instigating and adopting — the dual process going on in the twentieth century before our very eyes!

But we have not yet determined exactly a distinguishing trait, the possession of which makes a ballad and the want of which sends a narrative poem seeking for some other classification. To do this we must try various tests. First, is this specific mark the traditional quality? The answer must be no; because, although all ballads are traditional, all traditional poetry is not ballads; it may be folk-song, choral of labor, funeral dirge, — various kinds of verse of popular origin. Is the test the narrative quality? Obviously, no. When we consider all the types of poetry which may be classed as narrative, when we see (as we shall later) that ballads are not narrative at its best, when we study out one of Professor Child's introductions to any ballad, — say that to *The Douglas Tragedy*, stating all the forms, both prose and verse, in which this tale has appeared in European literatures, — we are convinced that the story is not the thing. Shall we try, then, to make a test out of the indefinable charm we felt when we read our first ballads, a charm that made us more conscious of the way the story was told than of the story itself? That is, shall we make a mechanical examination of diction, figures, metre, or, more vaguely still, tabulate shades of simplicity and degrees of crudeness and set these up as a norm for ballads? We might unearth in this process a thousand interesting and illuminating facts, but all of them marshalled before us would not be exacting or exclusive enough to serve our purpose. Is it not more reasonable, since we have found ballad origins and development peculiar and individual, to look for a distinctive, unvarying mark necessitated by this origin and growth — the trail of the making over them all?

Granted that the ballad was born of the throng and could not have been a ballad without the throng, the supreme test must be the evidence of the throng. This means, first of all, the refrain, an organic structural part of all ballads, and no accidental afterthought. Many old ballads in this volume have no refrains, it is true; but it is equally true that once they did have them.[1] Ballad structure, as we have seen, went through its own process of evolution. As choral verse declined and the single singer came more and more to the front, the choral element, the refrain, played a smaller and smaller part. It might or it might not be sung, as is implied in our modern texts by printing it after the first verse only. Later still, when oral tradition yielded to written records, the narrative survived, and the refrain, as retarding the story, little by little disappeared. Scott had many a hard hunt after a missing refrain, when all the stanzas of a ballad were safe in his hands. Where the formal refrain has entirely vanished, however, we may catch glimpses of it still. In *Kemp Owyne* the whole story seems a sort of progressive refrain; and in the still later *Bonny Earl of Murray* the choral element is so strong that we can easily believe a formal refrain, beginning, perhaps, "O he was a braw gallant," gradually absorbed into the narrative and being strong enough eventually to dominate it entirely. In many ballads it takes, of course, expert examination to discover the traces; but the evidence is always there.

The refrain is a good test, then; but there is still a

[1] Of the 305 ballads in Professor Child's collection, 106 show clear evidence of the refrain.

better. To discover this by simple induction, let us examine the following ballad.[1]

## THE MAID FREED FROM THE GALLOWS

"O good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,
Peace for a little while!
Methinks I see my own father,
Come riding by the stile.

"Oh father, oh father, a little of your gold,
And likewise of your fee!
To keep my body from yonder grave,
And my neck from the gallows-tree."

"None of my gold now you shall have,
Nor likewise of my fee;
For I am come to see you hangd,
And hanged you shall be."

"Oh good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,
Peace for a little while!
Methinks I see my own mother,
Come riding by the stile.

"Oh mother, oh mother, a little of your gold,
And likewise of your fee,
To keep my body from yonder grave,
And my neck from the gallows-tree!"

"None of my gold now shall you have,
Nor likewise of my fee;
For I am come to see you hangd,
And hanged you shall be."

"Oh good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,
Peace for a little while!
Methinks I see my own brother,
Come riding by the stile.

[1] Professor Kittredge, Introduction to *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, Cambridge Ed., p. xxv, uses another version of this ballad to show the folk as author.

"Oh brother, oh brother, a little of your gold,
And likewise of your fee,
To keep my body from yonder grave,
And my neck from the gallows-tree!"

"None of my gold now shall you have,
Nor likewise of my fee;
For I am come to see you hangd,
And hanged you shall be."

"Oh good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,
Peace for a little while!
Methinks I see my own sister,
Come riding by the stile.

"Oh sister, oh sister, a little of your gold,
And likewise of your fee,
To keep my body from yonder grave,
And my neck from the gallows-tree!"

"None of my gold now shall you have,
Nor likewise of my fee;
For I am come to see you hangd,
And hanged you shall be."

"Oh good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,
Peace for a little while!
Methinks I see my own true-love,
Come riding by the stile.

"Oh true-love, oh true-love, a little of your gold,
And likewise of your fee,
To save my body from yonder grave,
And my neck from the gallows-tree."

"Some of my gold now you shall have,
And likewise of my fee,
For I am come to see you saved,
And saved you shall be."

The ballad divides itself distinctly into five parts of three stanzas each. The first stanza in each part is

the maiden's request from the judge; the second, her direct plea to one of her family; the third, this relative's answer. Moreover, all the stanzas are worded alike, excepting the variation of "father," "mother," "brother," "sister," "true-love," — a verbatim repetition that is almost unbelievable. And yet, with it all, the story moves along toward a definite end. But the motion is curious. The action almost "runs down" at the end of each part, then, just as it is to stop altogether, the new word — "mother," "sister" — winds it up again. If once we get this motion into ourselves, — as we get the motion of swimming or skating or riding, — we carry about with us the best of ballad tests. This unusual form of progression is known as incremental repetition — a constant repeating with a constant addition, a "lingering and leaping," to use Professor Gummere's phrase, and yet a steady advance to the end of the story. The beauty of it is that it gives added effect to the climax in genuine unexpectedness; just as we are sure no one will ransom the maiden, comes her true-love. In *The Maid Freed from the Gallows* we have the more primitive form of incremental repetition, and we cannot expect all ballads to adhere so closely to the bare type. The development was, as we must always remember, away from the choral toward the pure narrative. So we find often a sort of epic introduction to the ballad, as in the first two stanzas of *Babylon;* then, in that case, pure incremental repetition for eleven stanzas, and finally an epic conclusion in the last five stanzas. In general, the more mature, at any given time, the stage of poetry, the more facts we find and the less repetition. But incremental repetition — the "protoplasm of choral

poetry "[1] — yielded place much less quickly than the refrain. Often a straightforward narrative of the later fashion admitted a bit of it, as in the ninth, tenth, fourteenth, fifteenth stanzas of *The Cruel Brother*, or the second and third of *The Wife of Usher's Well*. It shrank often to the narrow limits of lines instead of stanzas, as in *Sir Hugh*: —

> And first came out the thick, thick blood,
> And syne came out the thin,
> And syne came out the bonny heart's blood;
> There was nae mair within.

In this shrunken form we find it in many ballads; and increments consisting of the same words and phrases are repeated so often in different ballads that they are known as commonplaces.[2] For example, these lines in *Sir Patrick Spence* in which he reads the letter: —

> The first line that Sir Patrick read,
> A loud lauch lauched he;
> The next line that Sir Patrick read,
> The teir blinded his ee —

occur with very slight variations in five other ballads, *Johnie Scot*, *Lord Derwentwater*, *The Rantin Laddie*, *Lord William*, *The Gay Goss-Hawk*.[3] Ballads loved the motion, whether on a large or a small scale. They would even change the details of a story to admit the increment. In the popular tale from which *Kemp Owyne* was taken, there is only one kiss; the ballad promptly made three to admit the incremental repeti-

[1] See Professor Gummere, *The Popular Ballad*, p. 84.

[2] A list of all kinds of ballad commonplaces may be found in Child, V, 474, and the student will be interested to note how many of them run into the form of incremental repetition.

[3] *The Gay Goss-Hawk* is in this volume, p. 32: for the others, see Child, IV, 486, 117, 352, 413.

tion of gifts, — the belt, the ring, and the wand.[1] In the course of time, "unable to keep its larger vitality, incremental repetition still refused to disappear from the ballad; one may think of that pretty myth of the dew, burned away from field and lawn, but still glistening in the copses."[2] And since it always glistens, even to the eye that is not expert, it forms for us the final, dependable ballad test.

### *Subject-Matter of Ballads*

While the subject-matter of the ballads plays but a small part in attempts at definition and identification, it has significance as a basis of recognition, and it holds a good share of the charm of balladry for us. Ballads, according to the material they use, fall easily into a few definite *but not mutually exclusive* classes. Professor Child opened his collection with riddle ballads, of which *Riddles Wisely Expounded*[3] is an interesting example. These he follows with the large group concerned with domestic tragedies — the stock theme of the greater part of English and Scottish ballads. It runs the whole gamut of possible situations, — the stolen bride, willing or unwilling, with every device for elopement; the exiled husband; the deserted wife; quarrelling brothers; the scheming mother, cruel stepmother, and jealous mother-in-law; the faithless servant; — any and every complication that could produce tragic results. A third group are the coro-

[1] An excellent example of incremental repetition as a favorite form in the telling of children's stories to-day may be found in a southern nonsense tale, *Epaminondas and his Auntie*, reproduced in *Stories to Tell to Children* by Sara Cone Bryant.

[2] Professor Gummere, *The Popular Ballad*, p. 133.

[3] See Child, I, 45.

nachs, songs of the mourners of the dead, like *The Three Ravens*, *Sir Patrick Spence;* and their reverse, the good-nights, — alike in spirit but opposite in matter — in which not the mourners but the dying man himself — a Johnie Armstrong or Young Waters — speaks the farewell. "Unfortunately," writes Professor Gummere,[1] "there is no ballad of the parting soul, only that very effective *Lyke-Wake Dirge* . . . not a ballad at all," which was repeated, or sung, at country funerals in the seventeenth century. Strictly speaking, it is a lyric, a folk-song, and not to be included in a book of ballads; but the temptation to print it here is strong, for three reasons: — for its intrinsic beauty; because it matches, with a wonderful delicacy, the ballad pattern of repetition; and because, in its absence of narrative, it shows how the line is drawn between ballads proper and folk-songs purely lyrical.

### A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE

This ae night, this ae night,
  Every night and alle;
Fire and sleet, and candle light,
  And Christ receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art passed,
  Every night and alle;
To Whinny-muir thou comest at last;
  And Christ receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
  Every night and alle;
Sit thee down and put them on;
  And Christ receive thy saule.

[1] *The Popular Ballad*, p. 207.

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gavest nane,
Every night and alle ;
The whinnes shall prick thee to the bare bane;
And Christ receive thy saule.

From Whinny-muir when thou mayst pass,
Every night and alle;
To Brig o' Dread thou comest at last;
And Christ receive thy saule.

From Brig o' Dread when thou mayst pass,
Every night and alle;
To Purgatory fire thou comest at last;
And Christ receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,
Every night and alle;
The fire shall never make thee shrink;
And Christ receive thy saule.

If meat or drink thou never gavest nane,
Every night and alle;
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane;
And Christ receive thy saule.

This ae night, this ae night,
Every night and alle;
Fire and sleet, and candle light,
And Christ receive thy saule.

The approach to the other world in these coronachs is also the approach to the supernatural. One class of ballads deals with the stuff of superstition, — fairy lovers, like the Elf Queen in *Thomas Rymer;* magic transformations, like those in *Kemp Owyne;* the return of the dead, as in *Sweet William's Ghost.* Still another class is based upon sacred tradition, a small group, of which *Hugh of Lincoln* is one.[1] A later

[1] A newly discovered ballad, genuine without doubt, taking its subject-matter from a legend of the boyhood of Christ, may be read in Gummere, *The Popular Ballad*, p. 228. Its title is *The Bitter Withy.*

class are the minstrel ballads that treated romantic themes like the story of *Young Bicham*. There are a few humorous ballads, like *Get Up and Bar the Door;* and some of a journalistic order which were made quickly upon the occurrence of some event. More important are the Border ballads, chronicles told with some epic continuity, celebrating the raids and battles of the Borderland between England and Scotland. Last we come to the greenwood ballads, with outlaws like Johnie Cock for heroes, and with Robin Hood, "the English ballad-singer's joy" as Wordsworth calls him, as outlaw-hero *par excellence*. These groups as given, follow a logical, and approximately a chronological, order; and the ballads in this volume group themselves accordingly, in the hope that the reading of them consecutively may be convincing evidence of ballad beginnings and development.

### *Characteristics of Ballads*

Besides the structural essentials of balladry, there are many minor characteristics still to be touched upon. The most obvious is their concreteness and objectivity, and their swift direct movement. If we compare Matthew Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum* with his *Dover Beach*, we are conscious at once of the broad stretch that lies between objective and subjective poetry. If, again, we compare *Sohrab and Rustum* with a ballad, say *Sir Patrick Spence*, its objectivity shrinks into nothingness. And the two are not so far away from each other in matter, either; both present traditional material, Arnold's poem drawing its subject faithfully from the Persian *Shah Nameh*. The difference is entirely one of manner. *Sohrab and*

*Rustum* opens with a carefully sketched scene — the Oxus stream shrouded in fog, the camp in the background; then Sohrab is introduced, and twenty-five lines are consumed before the hero moves or speaks. In *Sir Patrick Spence* it is the king, his court, and the whole of his errand in four lines! Arnold's scene changes as the day advances; new characters are formally described and brought into the action; long conversations are held for the sake of explaining the past, portraying the characters, and preparing for the crisis. There is a certain broad sweep of scene and events, and a leisureliness in the telling of them. Arnold always has his reader in mind; he summons him to come and look on; he makes elaborate Homeric similes for his advantage; he means to rouse his emotions; and the verses, graceful, strong, rich, tread the majestic length of nine hundred lines! No such regard for the reader of the ballad. If he will come he must jump *in medias res*, love Sir Patrick without ever knowing who he is, follow him to the bottom of the sea without being told where he is going, and mourn him, with the Scots ladies, without ever having spent more than three minutes in his company! Concreteness, conciseness, objectivity at its barest — and yet an art in it all that no one except Sir Walter, and he only once,[1] has ever been able to catch. There is in the ballads no solicitous author bidding his reader hear, see, think, feel — no Shelley surveying his skylark in every possible light, as "the poet," the "high born maiden," the "glowworm golden," the "rose embowered," for his reader's sake. For the ballad one flash of clear white light is enough — and what that reveals abides as a single whole.

[1] In *Kinmont Willie*. See p. 83.

To see by the white light, however, is not to be blinded by it; a series of pictures thus revealed shows many details that are common to all ballads. First we are conscious of a delightful magic that makes the wee wee man vanish "clean awa" in the twinkling of an eye; that makes birds talk with the tongues of men; that enables an angry lover to place one hand upon the topmast of his ship and one knee at the foremast and break the craft in two; that changes a man to esk, to adder, to bear, to lion, to red-hot iron, to burning gleed, and then by a plunge into cold water brings him back again to human shape. And all this without apology or preparation — the reader may like it or leave it.

Genuine superstition is also revealed in the ballads. Bits of folk-lore appear in Spence's sailor's belief in the sign of the "new moone in the auld moone's arm"; in the straking of troth upon the wand in *Sweet William's Ghost;* in the conceptions of hell as "rivers of red blude" in *Thomas Rymer*, or "mountains dreary wi' frost and snow" in *The Dæmon Lover;* in the ominous crowing of the red cock and the gray in *The Wife of Usher's Well.* Dreams, too, are significant to ballad folk. Love Gregor's makes his heart "right wae"; Robin Hood is plainly troubled by his before he meets Sir Guy, and all Little John's comforting does not reassure him; Lord Hamleton sees a vision of his hall on fire and his lady slain; and we ourselves cannot escape the subtle power of the dreary dream of Douglas "beyond the Isle o Skye."

Another minor characteristic is the use of certain mystical numbers. Three is the favorite. Incremental repetition almost invariably advances by threes; in

*Babylon* three sisters are in turn taken by the hand and made to stand; Hind Horn makes three requests of the old man, for his "begging coat," his "beggar's rung," and his "wig o' hair"; Lord Thomas asks the advice of three — mother, brother, and sister; and Lady Weary begs the nurse three times to still her child with three different playthings before she goes down to her death. There are also multiples of three, as in the six questions asked by the Lass of Roch Royal at the beginning of the ballad, in the nine men who lie in wait for the hero of *The Dowy Houms o Yarrow*. Choices among three often offer themselves. Love Gregor's mother calls his sweetheart "witch," "warlock," or "mermaid"; Margaret asks the ghost at her door if he is "father Philip" or "brother John" or "truelove Willy," and begs for room at William's "head" or "feet" or by his "side" where she may creep and die. Climaxes climb up by threes, as in the "hawk," "hound," and "father" of *Edward;* and there are simple groupings of threes at every turn, — the three sisters of *The Cruel Brother*, the three squires of Robin Hood, the three guineas given as bribe to young Bicham's porter, and the three triumphant skips of the gude wife because the goodman must up and bar the door! Its most surprising use is where things are cut "in three" or hearts "break in three." The number five occurs often. "Fingers five, get up belive," says Johnie Cock; "five letters," declares the Gay Gosshawk, "he says he 's sent to you"; five guards are called out at first by Kinmont Willie, and later all his men march "five and five." Sevens are even more common. Seven laverocks and seven diamonds are the

love tokens exchanged in *Hind Horn;* seven years was the Dæmon Lover away from his mistress, and seven ships are her temptation; seven years must Thomas the Rhymer serve his Queen. It seems always the favorite measure of time, and a double significance is in Bicham's porter having served him "seven years and three." Four and twenty is still another good ballad number — "four and twenty siller bells" and "four and twenty gay gude knichts" accompany fair Annet, and "four and twenty bonny boys" play at ball with little Sir Hugh.

Equally interesting are ballad colors — used almost entirely in describing dress. Naturally enough they are the simpler, elementary colors, — yellow hair, gowns green and blue, cloaks purple, and coats scarlet red. Robin's men are always of "milk-white skin" and always dress in "Lincoln green." Gold is always red, silver always white. The more precious metal seems common as air and "skinkles" in everything — in combs, rings, chains, bells, shoes, roofs, towers, masts; and of gold and silver were many of the furnishings of the household, the trappings of horses, the weapons of warriors. But ballad descriptions of nature do not share in this warmth and profusion. The sun rises and sets, moons shine and seasons change, merely as matters of the almanac. The best of the few touches we have are in the Border and greenwood ballads, where the wood folk seem to take a little pleasure in "walking in the fayre forest" and in the fellowship of bird and deer. There are occasional suggestions that we may follow if we choose. Such are the last lines of *The Three Ravens,* —

On his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for ever mair,

or one line of *Love Gregor*, —

The win grew loud, an the sea grew rough, —

or better still, that splendid stanza of *Thomas Rymer*,

For forty days and forty nights,
He wode thro red blude to the knee,
And he saw neither sun nor moon,
But heard the roaring of the sea.

But ballads never meant to be suggestive.

A naïve ballad fashion is that of repeating the same plots, the same situations, the same kind of characters, the same questions and answers, the same messages, even the same stanzas over and over again, until they become regular ballad formulas, or commonplaces.[1] But none of it is plagiarism, for all was common property. Sometimes the repetition becomes most amusing, as in the case of the overworked "weepen-knife" which Babylon uses for stabbing and Johnie Cock for carving; or in the impression we get that ballad mothers were kept busy making beds "soft and narrow" or "broad and wide" at the order of suffering sons and daughters; and that ballad maidens were always doing one of two things, "playing at ball" or "sewing silken seams." We come to a surety that when two lovers are buried, out of one will spring a briar and "out of tother the rose"; that ships will always have to sail "a league but barely ain" before anything happens; and that suing lovers must ever stand at the door and "tirl at the pin." It would be easy play to make up a ballad phrase-book running through the alphabet from "auld beggar man," "blude-

[1] See note 2, page xxii.

reid wine," and "cherry cheeks," all the way to "under the leaves of lynde," "well or woe," and "yester e'en." The list of epithets is almost fixed: brides are always "bonny"; ladies, "fair"; hands, steeds, and faces, "milk-white"; ships, "gude"; braes, "ferny"; strokes, "sair"; water, "wan"; old men, "silly." Alliterative phrases, survivals of the days of initial rhymes, recur again and again, — "gold and gear," "busk and boun," "kith and kin," "dale and down," "cheek and chin," "trusty and trewe." A few similes do good service,— steeds amble "like the wind," beautiful maidens "shimmer like the sun," warriors "fly like fire about," and Little John reminds Robin Hood that dreams are swift "as the wind that blowes over a hill." But figures of speech are rare in ballads.

Finally there is an accepted ballad attitude toward life. Sentimentality, cynicism, humor, those qualities that are purely subjective, the result of *thinking* rather than *doing*, are conspicuously absent. Ballad people live to act, and act seriously. It is do or die with them — oftenest do *and* die. Some few ballads, like *Hind Horn* and *Young Bicham*, have the unexpected happy ending of classic comedy, unravelling all the tangles of the plot. But parted lovers are more likely to meet the fate of Lord Thomas and Fair Annet, or Love Gregor and the Lass of Roch Royal. The most faithful women are sure to be deserted, the bravest sailors to be drowned, and the boldest warriors to be slain. The pathos lies always in the event itself, for the actors utter neither lamentation nor complaint; they are always "merry men." It was the ballad way to look upon death as something as natural as life, and, seeing it plainly ahead, to go to meet it. Be the out-

come as tragic as it may, there is no lingering upon it when it is told.

### *The Versification of Ballads*

Ballad versification is exceedingly simple. The standard foot is the iambus; stanza and rhyme are the two conditions of ballad form. The stanza shows three arrangements: it may be made up of two lines, each containing four accents, as in *The Twa Sisters;* or of four lines of four accents (which, when the rhyme is alternate, may be readily resolved into two stanzas of the first form) as in *The Wee Wee Man;* or of four lines, as in *The Douglas Tragedy*, where the first and third have four accents and the second and fourth but three. This last form is what is commonly known as ballad metre; and it will be readily recognized as the one adopted by a large proportion of English narrative poems. There are, of course, some variations from the type. We find some six-line stanzas, as in *Otterburn*, *Johnie Cock*, *Hugh of Lincoln*, and others, where the two extra lines seem an unavoidable overflow of the matter beyond the measure. And occasionally the identity of the four lines may be obscured by repetition, as in *Edward*, or *The Three Ravens* — but brush away the additions and the typical stanza is there as foundation.

Rhyme in the regular stanza comes in the second and fourth lines. Once in a while the first and third rhyme as well, as: —

> When he had eaten and drunk his fill,
> "Lay down your head upon my knee"
> The lady sayd, "Ere we climb yon hill,
> And I will show you fairlies three."

Less frequently we find rhyme within the line, —

For the wine so red, and the well-broken bread.

And occasionally occurs identical rhyme, — the rhyming of a word with itself, evidently, as with Chaucer, considered normal, — as in *The Wife of Usher's Well*: —

"Blow up the fire, my maidens,
Bring water from the well;
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."

In many cases there is utter neglect of rhyme, as in this stanza from *Hind Horn*, —

"Will ye lend me your begging coat?
And I 'll lend you my scarlet cloak,"

where the assonance in "cloak" and "coat" seems to be expected to do full duty. Often the same service is performed by alliteration; and a peculiar ballad use of alliteration is to connect consecutive lines. So in *Captain Car* we find the *l* doing this.

The ladie she lend on her castle-wall,
She loked up and downe.

Remembering that ballads were never set down and rigidly scanned by an anxious author, and the only requisite was that they should *sound* right, we should not be annoyed by what our eyes may see in the way of irregularities, but trust to our ears — rather more than in other forms of poetry — to smooth the verse. Syllables must often be slurred over to keep the number of accents in a line within the limit: there is no other way to right this stanza of *The Cruel Brother*, —

Ride sóftly ón, says the bést young mán,
For I think our bónny bríde looks pále and wán.

"For I think our" was doubtless a careless addition at some time to a line that was perfectly clear if beginning with "our." Conversely a line from which a syllable has perhaps been lost must often be lengthened by the device familiar enough in reading Shakespeare — of resolving one syllable into two; and final *e* or *ed*, and the possessive *'s*, must frequently be pronounced as a separate syllable, —

> It befel at Martynmas
> When wether waxëd cold,

and

> When he came to the *king's* gate,
> He sought a drink for Hind Horn's sake.

In some cases, however, no amount of slurring will smooth the metre to our entire satisfaction: —

> "Thou shalt have no parson, thou traytor strong,
> For thy eight score men nor thee;
> For to-morrow morning by ten of the clock,
> Both thou and them shall hang on the gallows-tree."

The general iambic movement, too, is often varied. Trochees often occur, especially at the beginning of a line: —

> Busk yee, boune yee, my merry men all.

In *Bonnie George Campbell* we get an unusual dactylic effect throughout; and in *The Bonny Earl of Murray* a wholly individual three-accent line, with frequent use of the slow anapest. But it is always to be remembered that whatever singing[1] could do in olden days to even the roughnesses of the verse — and they are comparatively few — we should force our reading

[1] A collection of ballad tunes may be found in Child, v, 411–424; there may one learn the airs of *The Twa Sisters*, *The Cruel Brother*, *Hind Horn*, *Sir Patrick Spence*, *Bonny Barbara Allan*, and other old favorites.

to do in these latter days, without fear of sing-song, for sing-song is, after all, the stately metre of balladry.

A word more as to the ballad refrain. Having its origin in the primitive throng, we should expect to find its older forms nothing but a meaningless series of sounds like the "With a fal lal lal" of *Hind Horn* or the "downe derrie, derrie, derrie, downe, downe" of *The Three Ravens*. A step toward more definite measuring is taken in *Babylon*, where the "Eh vow bonnie" voices the lament, and "On the bonnie banks o Fordie" names the place of the tragedy. Such place naming, however, cannot always be relied on, for in one version of *The Twa Sisters*[1] we find this curious combination of three Scotch cities: —

There was twa sisters in a bowr,
Edinburgh, Edinburgh.
There was twa sisters in a bowr,
Stirling for ay.
There was twa sisters in a bowr,
There came a knight to be their wooer.
Bonny Saint Johnston stands upon Tay.

Sometimes the refrain keys itself to the gloom of the tale, as in *Captain Car;* again, in *The Cruel Brother*, it follows the happy tone of the beginning, but after the bonny bride is stabbed, its very merriment gives the touch of dramatic contrast that intensifies tragedy. To our reading eyes the refrain seems an incumbrance to the story, and even where we enjoy it for its own sake we hardly have patience to repeat it after every stanza. This is exactly what we should do, however, if we are to know a ballad *as a ballad*.[2]

[1] See Notes, p. 116.

[2] No attempt has been made here to differentiate chorus, burden, and refrain. Briefly the chorus was sung *after* each stanza; the bur-

### *Later History of Ballads*

We have said much of the origin and development of ballads, but nothing so far of their decadence. Plainly enough they belong to the vanished past; primitive society could not endure forever. Ballads of the purest type, as we have seen, were of the traditional form. Next came the day of the minstrel ballad, when the throng fell back, and the minstrel came to the front, affecting little by little the lofty manners of the aristocracy whom it was his business to entertain. These ballads are romantic metrical tales rather than songs of the folk; they sound professional and "do not go," says Professor Child, "to the spinning wheel at all." Later still, with the advent of printing — when the minstrel was classed with "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars" — came the inferior broadside ballads, hawked about the streets, in the seventeenth century, by ballad-mongers of whom Shakespeare's Autolycus is a type, and of whom Hotspur says, —

> I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
> Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.

The term broadside may be applied to two sets of ballads: those familiar ones printed for a penny on single large sheets, to satisfy the public demand; and those actually made by some huckster, to be praised, not for his skill, but for preserving for us some genuine bits

den was sung by the people *while* the minstrel sang the stanza; the refrain was the line sung after certain lines in every stanza. It is not possible to be sure always — as the manuscripts were printed — whether the additional choral matter was used as chorus, burden, or refrain. But what is said here of the matter and effect of the refrain applies to all three forms.

here and there which might otherwise have been totally lost. Broadsides were sometimes collected into bound volumes known as garlands, and so profited by a more enduring form. Many of the Robin Hood ballads are broadsides, — so great a favorite was this old hero, — and the version of *Robin Hood's Death*, printed in this volume, although in a splendid old strain, was preserved in a York garland. At the same time many journalistic ballads were abroad, newspaper reports in verse, as it were, celebrating some current event, — conspiracy, battle, fire, execution, — made hurriedly with all the marks of the making upon them, and, in comparison with the lilt of traditional songs, nothing but "hopeless jog trot." These, according to our definition, have not the slightest claim to be called traditional ballads. Finally, like every good thing, ballads were subject to imitation. The counterfeits were often made out of whole cloth, and often a curious blending of old ballads. But the manufactured article was usually a poor thing, only the author's "own." Scott came miraculously near the real thing in making over traditional stuff in *Kinmont Willie;*[1] but Scott was *possessed* of the spirit of balladry, was to the manner born.

Through this course of development ballads have come to have many different versions. Among them all, how is one to know the worthiest traditional form? What is obviously manufactured can be discarded at once as chaff; but even then there is a deal of wheat left to be sifted. How this is done by an expert, the student may see by reading the introduction to any ballad in Professor Child's great collection of *English*

[1] See Notes, p. 165.

*and Scottish Popular Ballads.* There is printed every extant version of every ballad that could possibly be procured, each with its own title, date of record, and source. These texts are prefaced by a careful description of kindred traditional material — whether ballad, legend, romance, or folk-tale — in the literatures of Scandinavia, Germany, Denmark, Iceland, Italy, Hungary, or any other country, — every possible clue being followed to its end. By this method of comparison truly traditional stuff would show up at once, and a striking detail in only one version of the ballad, found nowhere else, would naturally fall under suspicion; in general, most faith would be placed in what occurred oftenest. The criteria of objectivity and simplicity also have their own weight. Then after an approximation of this kind to the most genuine, little can be said for giving absolute precedence to one text over another. "There are texts, but there is no text." [1] In choosing, poetic beauty comes to its own; and that version is the best for each of us that grips us hardest and clings to us longest, — in short, that comes to stay as did old ballads to old ballad people.

## *Date of Ballads*

How old "old ballads" are, no one can say. We can be sure that from the days when heroic deeds were done people found a way of celebrating them in song, and handing them down from generation to generation. We can be equally sure that a ballad lived long before the date against it in the manuscript, that merely marking the year of its being put on record.

[1] Kittredge, Introduction to *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, Cambridge Ed., p. xvii.

Few ballads are extant in manuscripts older than the seventeenth century. The oldest known ballad manuscript, that of *Judas*,[1] goes as far back as the thirteenth century. *Otterburn*, *The Hunting of the Cheviot*, and *Captain Car* date from about 1550. The Percy MS. was in a hand of about 1650. Many miscellanies and broadsides came in the seventeenth century, but it is to the collectors of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries that we owe the most. Among these the first place belongs to Bishop Percy. In Shropshire he accidentally came upon an old folio of ballads and romances which was being used, page by page, by the maids to light their fires. This was a genuine ballad manuscript, and Percy, with its fragments safe in his possession, was fired with a zeal to hunt down other similar material and to press into the service all his friends and correspondents. Unfortunately, in printing his results, Bishop Percy altered and revised at will, lest the rudeness and indelicacy of the noble old ballads might shock the tender taste of the eighteenth century.[2] Scott, too, organized his own body of ballad-scouts, and his harvest rests in the *Border Minstrelsy*, *Scottish Songs*, and the Abbotsford MSS.[3] Ramsay, Herd, Ritson, Jamieson, Mrs. Brown of

[1] See Child, I, 242.

[2] The Percy MS. was long in the keeping of Bishop Percy's descendants, who would allow no one to examine it. Professor Child, in making his collection, realized that he could do little without access to this manuscript. Dr. Furnivall, at his suggestion, finally induced the owners to allow the full contents of the old folio to be printed. An edition prepared by Professor Hales and Dr. Furnivall and dedicated to Professor Child was published in 1867–68.

[3] These also were discovered in 1890 through a search instigated by Professor Child's belief that Scott possessed much manuscript material which he had never published.

Falkland, whose memory was a storehouse of old songs, Sharpe, Motherwell, Kinloch, Buchan, and Aytoun, are all names to be remembered with gratitude by those who love ballads. Roughly speaking, these sources cover the years from 1750 to 1850 — the century in which the spirit of ballad collecting was strongest. The collectors have done all they could to save from perishing every fragment of an English or Scottish ballad hiding itself away anywhere in the memories of men. And from their gatherings Professor Child sifted, and preserved in his collection, every version of every traditional ballad then known to exist in the English or Scottish tongue.

So through the ages from an undated past to the present the ballad songs of

> "old, unhappy, far off things,
> And battles long ago"

have never been silenced. They have known all the vicissitudes of fortune. They have basked in sunny days when lord and prince loved them, when they were so much a code of right and wrong to the people that it was said by Andrew Fletcher of the seventeenth century that "if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." They have endured years of banishment, when they lingered about the edges of a kingdom where elegance, sophistication, and formality sat upon the throne, and ballads were invited to court, if at all, as curiosities. They lived to be occasionally remembered later by a self-complacent literature — recognized but patronized like the poor relations of the great. Finally they have come again to their own, and are loved today with a genuine love that shall more and more pre-

vail; loved not in spite of, but by reason of, their crudities and their grace, their absurdities and their common sense, their childishness and their worldly wisdom, their humility and their dignity, their brutality and their chivalry, — just those elemental contradictions in their make-up that endear all human souls to us. They may in their awkwardness have broken "the golden lilies afloat" on the river of poetry, and have put to flight the filmy dragon-fly. But they also "hacked and hewed" at their reeds as a "great god can," and brought forth from their pipes the piercing sweet tones for which many of the "true gods" are sighing in vain to-day.

## THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY

1. "Rise up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas," she says,
"And put on your armour so bright,
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night.

2. "Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright,
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest 's awa the last night."

3. He 's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

4. Lord William lookit oer his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And there he spy'd her seven brethren bold,
Come riding over the lee.

5. "Light down, light down, Lady Margret," he said,
And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father I mak a stand."

6. She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,

Until that she saw her seven brethren fa,
And her father hard fighting, who lovd her sc
dear.

7. "O hold your hand, Lord William!" she said,
"For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair."

8. O she 's taen out her handkerchief,
It was o the holland sae fine,
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

9. "O chuse, O chuse, Lady Margret," he said,
"O whether will ye gang or bide?"
"I 'll gang, I 'll gang, Lord William," she said,
"For ye have left me no other guide."

10. He 's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rade away.

11. O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

12. They lighted down to tak a drink
Of the spring that ran sae clear,
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she gan to fear.

13. "Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she says,
"For I fear that you are slain;"
"'Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water sae plain."

14. O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they cam to his mother's ha door,
And there they lighted down.

15. "Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"Get up, and let me in!
Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"For this night my fair lady I've win.

16. "O mak my bed, lady mother," he says,
"O mak it braid and deep,
And lay lady Margret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep."

17. Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Margret lang ere day,
And all true lovers that go thegither,
May they have mair luck than they!

18. Lord William was buried in St. Mary's kirk,
Lady Margret in Mary's quire;
Out o the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o the knight's a brier.

19. And they twa met, and they twa plat,
And fain they wad be near;

And a' the warld might ken right weel
They were twa lovers dear.

20. But bye and rade the Black Douglas,
And wow but he was rough!
For he pulld up the bonny brier,
And flang 't in St. Mary's Loch.

## THE TWA SISTERS

1. There was twa sisters in a bowr,
Binnorie, O Binnorie
There was twa sisters in a bowr,
Binnorie, O Binnorie
There was twa sisters in a bowr,
There came a knight to be their wooer,
By the bonny mill-dams of Binnorie.

2. He courted the eldest wi glove an ring,
But he lovd the youngest above a' thing.

3. He courted the eldest wi brotch an knife,
But lovd the youngest as his life.

4. The eldest she was vexed sair,
An much envi'd her sister fair.

5. Into her bowr she could not rest,
Wi grief an spite she almos brast.

6. Upon a morning fair an clear,
She cried upon her sister dear:

7. "O sister, come to yon sea stran,
An see our father's ships come to lan."

8. She 's taen her by the milk-white han,
An led her down to yon sea stran.

9. The younges[t] stood upon a stane,
The eldest came an threw her in.

10. She tooke her by the middle sma,
An dashd her bonny back to the jaw.

11. "O sister, sister, tak my han,
An Ise mack you heir to a' my lan.

12. "O sister, sister, tak my middle,
An yes get my goud and my gouden girdle.

13. "O sister, sister, save my life,
An I swear Ise never be nae man's wife."

14. "Foul fa the han that I should tacke,
It twin'd me an my wardles make.

15. "Your cherry cheeks an yallow hair
Gars me gae maiden for evermair."

16. Sometimes she sank, an sometimes she swam,
Till she came down yon bonny mill-dam.

17. O out it came the miller's son,
An saw the fair maid swimmin in.

18. "O father, father, draw your dam,
Here 's either a mermaid or a swan."

19. The miller quickly drew the dam,
An there he found a drownd woman.

20. You coudna see her yallow hair
For gold and pearle that were so rare.

21. You coudna see her middle sma
For gouden girdle that was sae braw.

22. You coudna see her fingers white,
For gouden rings that was sae gryte.

23. An by there came a harper fine,
That harped to the king at dine.

24. When he did look that lady upon,
He sighd and made a heavy moan.

25. He 's taen three locks o her yallow hair,
An wi them strung his harp sae fair.

26. The first tune he did play and sing,
Was, "Farewell to my father the king."

27. The nextin tune that he playd syne,
Was, "Farewell to my mother the queen."

28. The lasten tune that he playd then,
Was, "Wae to my sister, fair Ellen."

## THE CRUEL BROTHER

1. THERE was three ladies playd at the ba,
With a hey ho and a lillie gay
There came a knight and played oer them a'.
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

2. The eldest was baith tall and fair,
But the youngest was beyond compare.

3. The midmost had a graceful mien,
But the youngest lookd like beautie's queen.

4. The knight bowd low to a' the three,
But to the youngest he bent his knee.

5. The ladie turned her head aside,
The knight he woo'd her to be his bride.

6. The ladie blushd a rosy red,
And sayd, " Sir knight, I 'm too young to wed."

7. " O ladie fair, give me your hand,
And I 'll make you ladie of a' my land."

8. " Sir knight, ere ye my favor win,
You maun get consent frae a' my kin."

9. He 's got consent frae her parents dear,
And likewise frae her sisters fair.

10. He 's got consent frae her kin each one,
But forgot to spiek to her brother John.

11. Now, when the wedding day was come,
The knight would take his bonny bride home.

12. And many a lord and many a knight
Came to behold that ladie bright.

13. And there was nae man that did her see
But wishd himself bridegroom to be.

14. Her father dear led her down the stair,
And her sisters twain they kissd her there.

15. Her mother dear led her thro the closs,
And her brother John set her on her horse.

16. She leand her oer the saddle-bow,
To give him a kiss ere she did go.

17. He has taen a knife, baith lang and sharp,
And stabbd that bonny bride to the heart.

18. She hadno ridden half thro the town,
Until her heart's blude staind her gown.

19. "Ride softly on," says the best young man,
"For I think our bonny bride looks pale and wan."

20. "O lead me gently up yon hill,
And I 'll there sit down, and make my will."

21. "O what will you leave to your father dear?"
"The silver-shode steed that brought me here."

22. "What will you leave to your mother dear?"
"My velvet pall and my silken gear."

23. "What will you leave to your sister Anne?"
"My silken scarf and my gowden fan."

24. "What will you leave to your sister Grace?"
"My bloody cloaths to wash and dress."

25. "What will you leave to your brother John?"
"The gallows-tree to hang him on."

26. "What will you leave to your brother John's wife?"
"The wilderness to end her life."

27. This ladie fair in her grave was laid,
And many a mass was oer her said.

28. But it would have made your heart right sair,
To see the bridegroom rive his haire.

## EDWARD

1. "WHY dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,
Edward, Edward,
Why dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,
And why sae sad gang yee O?"
"O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
And I had nae mair bot hee O."

2. "Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
Edward, Edward,
Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
My deir son I tell thee O."
"O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
That erst was sae fair and frie O."

3. "Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat mair,
Edward, Edward,
Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat mair,
Sum other dule ye drie O."
"O I hae killed my fadir deir,
Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my fadir deir,
Alas, and wae is mee O!"

4. "And whatten penance wul ye drie for that,
Edward, Edward,
And whatten penance will ye drie for that?
My deir son, now tell me O."
"Ile set my feit in yonder boat,
Mither, mither,
Ile set my feit in yonder boat,
And Ile fare ovir the sea O."

5. "And what wul ye doe wi your towirs and your ha,
Edward, Edward?
And what wul you doe wi your towirs and your ha,
That were sae fair to see O?"
"Ile let thame stand tul they doun fa,
Mither, mither,

Ile let thame stand till they down fa,
For here nevir mair maun I bee O."

6. "And what wul ye leive to your bairns and your wife,
Edward, Edward?
And what wul ye leive to your bairns and your wife,
Whan ye gang ovir the sea O?"
"The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,
Mither, mither,
The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,
For thame nevir mair wul I see O."

7. "And what wul ye leive to your ain mither deir,
Edward, Edward?
And what wul ye leive to your ain mither deir?
My deir son, now tell me O."
"The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,
Mither, mither,
The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,
Sic counseils ye gave to me O."

## BABYLON; OR, THE BONNIE BANKS O FORDIE

1. There were three ladies lived in a bower,
Eh vow bonnie
And they went out to pull a flower,
On the bonnie banks o Fordie

2. They hadna pu'ed a flower but ane,
When up started to them a banisht man.

3. He 's taen the first sister by her hand,
And he 's turned her round and made her stand.

4. "It 's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?"

5. "It 's I 'll not be a rank robber's wife,
But I 'll rather die by your wee pen-knife."

6. He 's killed this may, and he 's laid her by,
For to bear the red rose company.

7. He 's taken the second ane by the hand,
And he 's turned her round and made her stand.

8. "It 's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?"

9. "I 'll not be a rank robber's wife,
But I 'll rather die by your wee pen-knife."

10. He 's killed this may, and he 's laid her by,
For to bear the red rose company.

11. He 's taken the youngest ane by the hand,
And he 's turned her round and made her stand.

12. Says, "Will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?"

13. "I 'll not be a rank robber's wife,
Nor will I die by your wee pen-knife.

14. "For I hae a brother in this wood,
And gin ye kill me, it 's he 'll kill thee."

15. "What 's thy brother's name? come tell to me."
"My brother's name is Baby Lon."

16. "O sister, sister, what have I done!
O have I done this ill to thee!

17. "O since I 've done this evil deed,
Good sall never be seen o me."

18. He 's taken out his wee pen-knife,
And he 's twyned himsel o his ain sweet life.

## HIND HORN

1. In Scotland there was a babie born,
And his name it was called young Hind Horn.
Lilie lal, etc. With a fal lal, etc.

2. He sent a letter to our king
That he was in love with his daughter Jean.

3. He 's gien to her a silver wand,
With seven living lavrocks sitting thereon.

4. She 's gien to him a diamond ring,
With seven bright diamonds set therein.

5. "When this ring grows pale and wan,
You may know by it my love is gane."

6. One day as he looked his ring upon,
He saw the diamonds pale and wan.

7. He left the sea and came to land,
And the first that he met was an old beggar man.

8. "What news, what news?" said young Hind Horn;
"No news, no news," said the old beggar man.

9. "No news," said the beggar, "no news at a',
But there 's a wedding in the king's ha.

10. "But there is a wedding in the king's ha,
That has halden these forty days and twa."

11. "Will ye lend me your begging coat?
And I 'll lend you my scarlet cloak.

12. "Will you lend me your beggar's rung?
And I 'll gie you my steed to ride upon.

13. "Will you lend me your wig o hair,
To cover mine, because it is fair?"

14. The auld beggar man was bound for the mill,
But young Hind Horn for the king's hall.

15. The auld beggar man was bound for to ride,
But young Hind Horn was bound for the bride.

16. When he came to the king's gate,
He sought a drink for Hind Horn's sake.

17. The bride came down with a glass of wine,
When he drank out the glass, and dropt in the ring.

18. "O got ye this by sea or land?
Or got ye it off a dead man's hand?"

19. "I got not it by sea, I got it by land,
And I got it, madam, out of your own hand."

20. "O I 'll cast off my gowns of brown,
And beg wi you frae town to town.

21. "O I 'll cast off my gowns of red,
And I 'll beg wi you to win my bread."

22. "Ye needna cast off your gowns of brown,
For I 'll make you lady o many a town.

23. "Ye needna cast off your gowns of red,
It 's only a sham, the begging o my bread."

24. The bridegroom he had wedded the bride,
But young Hind Horn he took her to bed.

## LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET

1. Lord Thomas and Fair Annet
Sate a' day on a hill;
Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,
They had not talkt their fill.

2. Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
Fair Annet took it ill:
"A, I will nevir wed a wife
Against my ain friends' will."

3. "Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
A wife wull neir wed yee:"
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee.

4. "O rede, O rede, mither," he says,
"A gude rede gie to mee;
O sall I tak the nut-browne bride,
And let Faire Annet bee?"

5. "The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,
Fair Annet she has gat nane;
And the little beauty Fair Annet haes
O it wull soon be gane."

6. And he has till his brother gane:
"Now, brother, rede ye mee;
A, sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let Fair Annet bee?"

7. "The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-browne bride has kye;
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And cast Fair Annet bye."

8. "Her oxen may dye i the house, billie,
And her kye into the byre,
And I sall hae nothing to mysell
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre."

9. And he has till his sister gane:
"Now, sister, rede ye mee;
O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And set Fair Annet free?"

10. "I 'se rede ye tak Fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the browne bride alane;
Lest ye sould sigh, and say, Alace,
What is this we brought hame!"

11. "No, I will tak my mither's counsel,
And marrie me owt o hand;
And I will tak the nut-browne bride,
Fair Annet may leive the land."

12. Up then rose Fair Annet's father,
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower
Wherein Fair Annet lay.

13. "Rise up, rise up, Fair Annet," he says,
"Put on your silken sheene;
Let us gae to St. Marie's kirke,
And see that rich weddeen."

14. "My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,
And dress to me my hair;
Whaireir yee laid a plait before,
See yee lay ten times mair.

15. "My maids, gae to my dressing-room,
And dress to me my smock;
The one half is o the holland fine,
The other o needle-work."

16. The horse Fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind;
Wi siller he was shod before,
Wi burning gowd behind.

17. Four and twanty siller bells
Wer a' tyed till his mane,
And yae tift o the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

18. Four and twanty gay gude knichts
Rade by Fair Annet's side,
And four and twanty fair ladies,
As gin she had bin a bride.

19. And whan she cam to Marie's kirk,
She sat on Marie's stean:
The cleading that Fair Annet had on
It skinkled in their een.

20. And whan she cam into the kirk,
She shimmerd like the sun;
The belt that was about her waist
Was a' wi pearles bedone.

21. She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
And her een they wer sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
Whan Fair Annet drew near.

22. He had a rose into his hand,
He gae it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on Fair Annet's knee.

23. Up than spak the nut-browne bride,
She spak wi meikle spite:
"And whair gat ye that rose-water,
That does mak yee sae white?"

24. "O I did get the rose-water
Whair ye wull neir get nane,
For I did get that very rose-water
Into my mither's wame."

25. The bride she drew a long bodkin
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strake Fair Annet unto the heart,
That word spak nevir mair.

26. Lord Thomas he saw Fair Annet wex pale
And marvelit what mote bee;
But whan he saw her dear heart's blude,
A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

27. He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp,
That was sae sharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

28. "Now stay for me, dear Annet," he sed,
"Now stay, my dear," he cry'd;
Then strake the dagger untill his heart,
And fell deid by her side.

29. Lord Thomas was buried without kirkwa,
Fair Annet within the quiere,
And o the tane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

30. And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare;
And by this ye may ken right weil
They were twa luvers deare.

## LOVE GREGOR

1. "O WHA will shoe my fu fair foot?
And wha will glove my hand?
And wha will lace my middle jimp,
Wi the new made London band?

2. "And wha will kaim my yellow hair,
Wi the new made silver kaim?
And wha will father my young son,
Till Love Gregor come hame?"

3. "Your father will shoe your fu fair foot,
Your mother will glove your hand;
Your sister will lace your middle jimp
Wi the new made London band.

4. "Your brother will kaim your yellow hair,
Wi the new made silver kaim;
And the king of heaven will father your bairn,
Till Love Gregor come haim."

5. "But I will get a bonny boat,
And I will sail the sea,
For I maun gang to Love Gregor,
Since he canno come hame to me."

6. O she has gotten a bonny boat,
And sailld the sa't sea fame;
She langd to see her ain true-love,
Since he could no come hame.

7. "O row your boat, my mariners,
And bring me to the land,
For yonder I see my love's castle,
Closs by the sa't sea strand."

8. She has taen her young son in her arms,
And to the door she 's gone,
And lang she 's knocked and sair she ca'd,
But answer got she none.

9. "O open the door, Love Gregor," she says,
"O open, and let me in;
For the win blaws thro my yellow hair,
And the rain draps oer my chin."

10. "Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
You 'r nae come here for good;
You 'r but some witch, or wile warlock,
Or mer-maid of the flood."

11. "I am neither a witch nor a wile warlock,
Nor mer-maid of the sea,
I am Fair Annie of Rough Royal;
O open the door to me."

12. "Gin ye be Annie of Rough Royal —
And I trust ye are not she —
Now tell me some of the love-tokens
That past between you and me."

13. "O dinna you mind now, Love Gregor,
When we sat at the wine,
How we changed the rings frae our fingers?
And I can show thee thine.

14. "O yours was good, and good enneugh,
But ay the best was mine;
For yours was o the good red goud,
But mine o the dimonds fine.

15. "But open the door now, Love Gregor,
O open the door I pray,
For your young son that is in my arms
Will be dead ere it be day."

16. "Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
For here ye shanno win in;
Gae drown ye in the raging sea,
Or hang on the gallows-pin."

17. When the cock had crawn, and day did dawn,
And the sun began to peep,
Then it raise him Love Gregor,
And sair, sair did he weep.

18. "O I dreamd a dream, my mother dear,
The thoughts o it gars me greet,
That Fair Annie of Rough Royal
Lay cauld dead at my feet."

19. "Gin it be for Annie of Rough Royal
That ye make a' this din,
She stood a' last night at this door,
But I trow she wan no in."

20. "O wae betide ye, ill woman,
An ill dead may ye die!
That ye woudno open the door to her,
Nor yet woud waken me."

21. O he has gone down to yon shore-side,
As fast as he could fare;
He saw Fair Annie in her boat,
But the wind it tossed her sair.

22. And "Hey, Annie!" and "How, Annie!
O Annie, winna ye bide?"
But ay the mair that he cried Annie,
The braider grew the tide.

23. And "Hey, Annie!" and "How Annie!
Dear Annie speak to me!"
But ay the louder he cried Annie,
The louder roard the sea.

24. The wind blew loud, the sea grew rough,
And dashd the boat on shore;
Fair Annie floats on the raging sea,
But her young son raise no more.

25. Love Gregor tare his yellow hair,
And made a heavy moan;
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
But his bonny young son was gone.

26. O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
And gowden was her hair,
But clay cold were her rosey lips,
Nae spark of life was there.

27. And first he' s kissd her cherry cheek,
And neist he 's kissed her chin ;
And saftly pressed her rosey lips,
But there was nae breath within.

28. "O wae betide my cruel mother,
And an ill dead may she die !
For she turnd my true-love frae my door,
When she came sae far to me."

## BONNY BARBARA ALLAN

1. It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a falling,
That Sir John Græme, in the West Country,
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

2. He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling:
"O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

3. O hooly, hooly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
"Young man, I think you 're dying."

4. "O it 's I 'm sick, and very, very sick,
And 't is a' for Barbara Allan : "
"O the better for me ye 's never be,
Tho your heart's blood were a spilling.

5. "O dinna ye mind, young man," said she,
"When ye was in the tavern a drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?"

6. He turnd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing:
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan."

7. And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And sighing said, she coud not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

8. She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead-bell geid,
It cry'd, Woe to Barbara Allan!

9. "O mother, mother, make my bed!
O make it saft and narrow!
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow."

## LAMKIN

1. It 's Lamkin was a mason good
as ever built wi stane;
He built Lord Wearie's castle,
but payment got he nane.

2. "O pay me, Lord Wearie,
come, pay me my fee:"
"I canna pay you, Lamkin,
for I maun gang oer the sea."

3. "O pay me now, Lord Wearie,
come, pay me out o hand:"
"I canna pay you, Lamkin,
unless I sell my land."

4. "O gin ye winna pay me,
I here sall mak a vow,
Before that ye come hame again,
ye sall hae cause to rue."

5. Lord Wearie got a bonny ship,
to sail the saut sea faem;
Bade his lady weel the castle keep,
ay till he should come hame.

6. But the nourice was a fause limmer
as eer hung on a tree;
She laid a plot wi Lamkin,
whan her lord was oer the sea.

7. She laid a plot wi Lamkin,
when the servants were awa,
Loot him in at a little shot-window,
and brought him to the ha.

8. "O whare 's a' the men o this house,
that ca me Lamkin?"
"They 're at the barn-well thrashing;
't will be lang ere they come in."

9. "And whare 's the women o this house,
that ca me Lamkin?"
"They 're at the far well washing;
't will be lang ere they come in."

10. "And whare 's the bairns o this house,
that ca me Lamkin?"
"They 're at the school reading;
't will be night or they come hame."

11. "O whare 's the lady o this house,
that ca's me Lamkin?"
"She 's up in her bower sewing,
but we soon we can bring her down."

12. Then Lamkin's tane a sharp knife,
that hang down by his gaire,
And he has gien the bonny babe
a deep wound and a sair.

13. Then Lamkin he rocked,
and the fause nourice sang,
Till frae ilkae bore o the cradle
the red blood out sprang.

14. Then out it spak the lady,
as she stood on the stair:
"What ails my bairn, nourice,
that he 's greeting sae sair?

15. O still my bairn nourice,
O still him with the pap!"
"He winna still, lady,
for this nor for that."

16. "O still my bairn, nourice,
O still him wi the wand!"
"He winna still, lady,
for a' his father's land."

17. "O still my bairn, nourice,
O still him wi the bell!"
"He winna still, lady,
till ye come down yoursel."

18. O the firsten step she steppit,
she steppit on a stane;
But the neisten step she steppit,
she met him Lamkin.

19. "O mercy, mercy, Lamkin,
hae mercy upon me!
Though you 've taen my young son's life,
ye may let mysel be."

20. "O sall I kill her, nourice,
or sall I lat her be?"
"O kill her, kill her, Lamkin,
for she neer was good to me."

21. "O scour the bason, nourice,
and mak it fair and clean,
For to keep this lady's heart's blood,
for she 's come o noble kin."

22. "There need nae bason, Lamkin,
lat it run through the floor;
What better is the heart's blood
o the rich than o the poor?"

23. But ere three months were at an end,
Lord Wearie came again;
But dowie, dowie was his heart
when first he came hame.

24. "O wha's blood is this," he says,
"that lies in the chamer?"
"It is your lady's heart's blood;
't is as clear as the lamer."

25. "And wha's blood is this," he says,
"that lies in my ha?"
"It is your young son's heart's blood;
't is the clearest ava."

26. O sweetly sang the black-bird
that sat upon the tree;
But sairer grat Lamkin,
when he was condemnd to die.

27. And bonny sang the mavis,
out o the thorny brake;
But sairer grat the nourice,
when she was tied to the stake.

## YOUNG WATERS

1. About Yule, when the wind blew cule,
And the round tables began,
A there is cum to our king's court
Mony a well-favord man.

2. The queen luikt owre the castle-wa,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And there she saw Young Waters
Cum riding to the town.

3. His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behind;
And mantel of the burning gowd
Did keip him frae the wind.

4. Gowden-graithd his horse before,
And siller-shod behind;
The horse Young Waters rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

5. Out then spack a wylie lord,
Unto the queen said he,
"O tell me wha 's the fairest face
Rides in the company?"

6. "I 've sene lord, and I 've sene laird,
And knights of high degree,
Bot a fairer face than Young Waters
Mine eyne did never see."

7. Out then spack the jealous king,
And an angry man was he:
"O if he had bin twice as fair,
You micht have excepted me."

8. "You 're neither laird nor lord," she says,
"Bot the king that wears the crown;
There is not a knight in fair Scotland
But to thee maun bow down."

9. For a' that she coud do or say,
Appeas'd he wad nae bee,
Bot for the words which she had said,
Young Waters he maun die.

10. They hae taen Young Waters,
And put fetters to his feet;
They hae taen Young Waters,
And thrown him in dungeon deep.

11. "Aft I have ridden thro Stirling town
In the wind bot and the weit;
But I neir rade thro Stirling town
Wi fetters at my feet.

12. "Aft I have ridden thro Stirling town
In the wind bot and the rain;
Bot I neir rade thro Stirling town
Neir to return again."

13. They hae taen to the heiding-hill
His young son in his craddle,
And they hae taen to the heiding-hill
His horse bot and his saddle.

14. They hae taen to the heiding-hill
His lady fair to see,
And for the words the queen had spoke
Young Waters he did die.

## THE GAY GOSS-HAWK

1. "O WELL 's me o my gay goss-hawk,
That he can speak and flee;
He 'll carry a letter to my love,
Bring back another to me."

2. "O how can I your true-love ken,
Or how can I her know?
Whan frae her mouth I never heard couth,
Nor wi my eyes her saw."

3. "O well sal ye my true-love ken,
As soon as you her see;
For, of a' the flowrs in fair Englan,
The fairest flowr is she.

4. "At even at my love's bowr-door
There grows a bowing birk,
An sit ye down and sing thereon,
As she gangs to the kirk.

5. "An four-and-twenty ladies fair
Will wash and go to kirk,
But well shall ye my true-love ken,
For she wears goud on her skirt.

6. "An four and twenty gay ladies
Will to the mass repair,
But well sal ye my true-love ken,
For she wears goud on her hair."

7. O even at that lady's bowr-door
There grows a bowin birk,
An he set down and sang thereon,
As she ged to the kirk.

8. "O eet and drink, my marys a',
The wine flows you among,
Till I gang to my shot-window,
An hear yon bonny bird's song.

9. "Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The song ye sang the streen,
For I ken by your sweet singin
You 're frae my true-love sen."

10. O first he sang a merry song,
An then he sang a grave,
An then he peckd his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave.

11. "Ha, there 's a letter frae your love,
He says he sent you three;
He canna wait your love langer,
But for your sake he 'll die.

12. "He bids you write a letter to him;
He says he 's sent you five;
He canno wait your love langer,
Tho you 're the fairest woman alive."

13. "Ye bid him bake his bridal-bread,
And brew his bridal-ale,
An I 'll meet him in fair Scotlan
Lang, lang or it be stale."

14. She's doen her to her father dear,
Fa'n low down on her knee:
"A boon, a boon, my father dear,
I pray you, grant it me."

15. "Ask on, ask on, my daughter,
An granted it sal be;
Except ae squire in fair Scotlan,
An him you sall never see."

16. "The only boon, my father dear,
That I do crave of the,
Is, gin I die in southin lands,
In Scotland to bury me.

17. "An the firstin kirk that ye come till,
Ye gar the bells be rung,
An the nextin kirk that ye come till,
Ye gar the mess be sung.

18. "An the thirdin kirk that ye come till,
You deal gold for my sake,
An the fourthin kirk that ye come till,
You tarry there till night."

19. She is doen her to her bigly bowr,
As fast as she coud fare,
An she has tane a sleepy draught,
That she had mixed wi care.

20. She 's laid her down upon her bed,
An soon she 's fa'n asleep,
And soon oer every tender limb
Cauld death began to creep.

21. Whan night was flown, an day was come,
Nae ane that did her see
But thought she was as surely dead
As ony lady coud be.

22. Her father an her brothers dear
Gard make to her a bier;
The tae half was o guide red gold,
The tither o silver clear.

23. Her mither an her sisters fair
Gard work for her a sark;
The tae half was o cambrick fine,
The tither o needle wark.

24. The firstin kirk that they came till,
They gard the bells be rung,
An the nextin kirk that they came till,
They gard the mess be sung.

25. The thirdin kirk that they came till,
They dealt gold for her sake,
An the fourthin kirk that they came till,
Lo, there they met her make!

26. "Lay down, lay down the bigly bier.
Lat me the dead look on;"
Wi cherry cheeks and ruby lips
She lay an smil'd on him.

27. "O ae sheave o your bread, true-love,
An ae glass o your wine,
For I hae fasted for your sake
These fully days is nine.

28. "Gang hame, gang hame, my seven bold brothers,
Gang hame and sound your horn;
An ye may boast in southin lans
Your sister 's playd you scorn."

## THE THREE RAVENS

1. THERE were three rauens sat on a tree,
Downe a downe, hay down, hay downe
There were three rauens sat on a tree,
With a downe
There were three rauens sat on a tree,
They were as blacke as they might be.
With a downe derrie, derrie, derrie, downe, downe.

2 The one of them said to his mate,
"Where shall we our breakefast take?"

3 "Downe in yonder greene field,
There lies a knight slain vnder his shield.

4 "His hounds they lie downe at his feete,
So well they can their master keepe.

5 "His haukes they flie so eagerly,
There 's no fowle dare him come nie."

6 Downe there comes a fallow doe,
As great with yong as she might goe.

7 She lift vp his bloudy hed,
And kist his wounds that were so red.

8. She got him vp vpon her backe,
And carried him to earthen lake.

9. She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herselfe ere euen-song time.

10. God send euery gentleman,
Such haukes, such hounds, and such a leman.

## THE TWA CORBIES

1. As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the t' other say,
"Where sall we gang and dine to-day?"

2. "In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

3. "His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

4. "Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pike out his bonny blue een;
Wi ae lock o his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

5. "Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane;
Oer his white banes when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

## SIR PATRICK SPENCE

1. The king sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
"O whar will I get guid sailor,
To sail this schip of mine?"

2. Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the kings richt kne:
"Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor
That sails upon the se."

3. The king has written a braid letter,
And signd it wi his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

4. The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

5. "O wha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me,
To send me out this time o' the yeir,
To sail upon the se!

6. "Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne:"
"O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

7. "Late late yestreen I saw the new moone.
Wi the auld moone in her arme,
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will cum to harme."

8. O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild schoone;
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone.

9. O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
Wi thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence
Cum sailing to the land.

10. O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
Wi thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they 'll se thame na mair.

11. Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour,
It 's fiftie fadom deip,
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

## THOMAS RYMER AND THE QUEEN OF ELFLAND

1. True Thomas lay oer yond grassy bank,
And he beheld a ladie gay,
A ladie that was brisk and bold,
Come riding oer the fernie brae.

2. Her skirt was of the grass-green silk,
Her mantel of the velvet fine,
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

3. True Thomas he took off his hat,
And bowed him low down till his knee:
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
For your peer on earth I never did see."

4. "O no, O no, True Thomas," she says,
"That name does not belong to me;
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
And I 'm come here for to visit thee.

5. "But ye maun go wi me now, Thomas,
True Thomas, ye maun go wi me,
For ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro weel or wae as may chance to be."

6. She turned about her milk-white steed,
And took True Thomas up behind,
And aye wheneer her bridle rang,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

7. For forty days and forty nights
He wade thro red blude to the knee,
And he saw neither sun nor moon,
But heard the roaring of the sea.

8. O they rade on, and further on,
Until they came to a garden green:
"Light down, light down, ye ladie free,
Some of that fruit let me pull to thee."

9. "O no, O no, True Thomas," she says,
"That fruit maun not be touched by thee,
For a' the plagues that are in hell
Light on the fruit of this countrie.

10. "But I have a loaf here in my lap,
Likewise a bottle of claret wine,
And now ere we go farther on,
We 'll rest a while, and ye may dine."

11. When he had eaten and drunk his fill,
"Lay down your head upon my knee,"
The lady sayd, "ere we climb yon hill,
And I will show you fairlies three.

12. "O see not ye yon narrow road,
So thick beset wi thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Tho after it but few enquires.

13. "And see not ye that braid braid road,
That lies across yon lillie leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Tho some call it the road to heaven.

14. "And see not ye that bonnie road,
Which winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Whe[re] you and I this night maun gae.

15. "But Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever you may hear or see,
For gin ae word you should chance to speak,
You will neer get back to your ain countrie."

16. He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green,
And till seven years were past and gone
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

## THE WEE WEE MAN

1. As I was wa'king all alone,
Between a water and a wa,
And there I spy'd a wee wee man,
And he was the least that ere I saw.

2. His legs were scarce a shathmont's length,
And thick and thimber was his thigh;
Between his brows there was a span,
And between his shoulders there was three.

3. He took up a meikle stane,
And he flang 't as far as I could see;
Though I had been a Wallace wight,
I couldna liften 't to my knee.

4. "O wee wee man, but thou be strang!
O tell me where thy dwelling be?"
"My dwelling 's down at yon bonny bower;
O will you go with me and see?"

5. On we lap, and awa we rade,
Till we came to yon bonny green;
We lighted down for to bait our horse,
And out there came a lady fine.

6. Four and twenty at her back,
And they were a' clad out in green;
Though the King of Scotland had been there,
The warst o them might hae been his queen.

7. On we lap, and awa we rade,
Till we came to yon bonny ha,
Whare the roof was o the beaten gould,
And the floor was o the cristal a'.

8. When we came to the stair-foot,
Ladies were dancing, jimp and sma,
But in the twinkling of an eye,
My wee wee man was clean awa.

## SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST

1. WHAN bells war rung, an mass was sung,
A wat a' man to bed were gone,
Clark Sanders came to Margret's window,
With mony a sad sigh and groan.

2. "Are ye sleeping, Margret," he says,
"Or are ye waking, presentlie?
Give me my faith and trouthe again,
A wat, trew-love, I gied to thee."

3. "Your faith and trouth ye 's never get,
Nor our trew love shall never twain,
Till ye come with me in my bower,
And kiss me both cheek and chin."

4. "My mouth it is full cold, Margret,
It has the smell now of the ground;
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,
Thy life-days will not be long.

5. "Cocks are crowing a merry mid-larf,
I wat the wild fule boded day;
Gie me my faith and trouthe again,
And let me fare me on my way."

6. "Thy faith and trouth thou shall na get,
Nor our trew love shall never twin,
Till ye tell me what comes of women
A wat that dy's in strong travelling."

7. "Their beds are made in the heavens high,
Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,
Well set about wi gilly-flowers,
A wat sweet company for to see.

8. "O cocks are crowing a merry midd-larf,
A wat the wilde foule boded day;
The salms of Heaven will be sung,
And ere now I 'le be misst away."

9. Up she has tain a bright long wand,
And she has straked her trouth thereon;
She has given (it) him out at the shot-window,
Wi many a sad sigh and heavy groan.

10. "I thank you, Margret, I thank you, Margret,
And I thank you hartilie;
Gine ever the dead come for the quick,
Be sure, Margret, I 'll come again for thee."

11. It 's hose an shoon an gound alane
She clame the wall and followed him,
Untill she came to a green forest,
On this she lost the sight of him.

12. "Is their any room at your head, Sanders?
Is their any room at your feet?
Or any room at your twa sides?
Whare fain, fain woud I sleep."

13. "Their is na room at my head, Margret,
Their is na room at my feet;
There is room at my twa sides,
For ladys for to sleep.

14. "Cold meal is my covering owre,
But an my winding sheet;
My bed it is full low, I say,
Down among the hongerey worms I sleep.

15. "Cold meal is my covering owre,
But an my winding sheet;
The dew it falls na sooner down
Then ay it is full weet."

## THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

1. THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them oer the sea.

2. They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
Whan word came to the carline wife
That her three sons were gane.

3. They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
Whan word came to the carlin wife
That her sons she 'd never see.

4. "I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fashes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood."

5. It fell about the Martinmass,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carlin wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o the birk.

6. It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates o Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneugh.

* * * * * * *

7. "Blow up the fire, my maidens,
Bring water from the well;
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."

8. And she has made to them a bed,
She 's made it large and wide,
And she 's taen her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bed-side.

. . . . . .

9. Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
"'T is time we were away."

10. The cock he hadna crawd but once,
And clappd his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said,
"Brother, we must awa.

11. "The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin worm doth chide;
Gin we be mist out o our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

12. "Faer ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire!"

## KEMP OWYNE

1. Her mother died when she was young,
Which gave her cause to make great moan;
Her father married the warst woman
That ever lived in Christendom.

2. She served her with foot and hand,
In every thing that she could dee,
Till once, in an unlucky time,
She threw her in ower Craigy's sea.

3. Says, "Lie you there, dove Isabel,
And all my sorrows lie with thee;
Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea,
And borrow you with kisses three,
Let all the warld do what they will,
Oh borrowed shall you never be!"

4. Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang,
And twisted thrice about the tree,
And all the people, far and near,
Thought that a savage beast was she.

5. These news did come to Kemp Owyne,
Where he lived, far beyond the sea;
He hasted him to Craigy's sea,
And on the savage beast lookd he.

6. Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted was about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.

7. "Here is a royal belt," she cried,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I vow my belt your death shall be."

8. He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal belt he brought him wi;
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted twice about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.

9. "Here is a royal ring," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your finger it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my ring your death shall be."

10. He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal ring he brought him wi;
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted ance about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.

11. "Here is a royal brand," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my brand your death shall be."

12. He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal brand he brought him wi;
Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,
And twisted nane about the tree,
And smilingly she came about,
As fair a woman as fair could be.

## THE DÆMON LOVER

1. "O WHERE have you been, my long, long love,
This long seven years and mair?"
"O I 'm come to seek my former vows
Ye granted me before."

2. "O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For they will breed sad strife;
O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife."

3. He turned him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his ee:
"I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,
If it had not been for thee.

4. "I might hae had a king's daughter,
Far, far beyond the sea;
I might have had a king's daughter,
Had it not been for love o thee."

5. "If ye might have had a king's daughter,
Yersel ye had to blame;
Ye might have had taken the king's daughter,
For ye kend that I was nane.

6. "If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my two babes also,
O what have you to take me to,
If with you I should go?"

7. "I hae seven ships upon the sea —
The eighth brought me to land —
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,
And music on every hand."

8. She has taken up her two little babes,
Kissd them baith cheek and chin:
"O fair ye weel, my ain two babes,
For I 'll never see you again."

9. She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold;
But the sails were o the taffetie,
And the masts o the beaten gold.

10. She had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumlie grew his ee.

11. They had not saild a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
And she wept right bitterlie.

12. "O hold your tongue of your weeping," says he,
"Of your weeping now let me be;
I will shew you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy."

13. "O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on?"
"O yon are the hills of heaven," he said,
"Where you will never win."

14. "O whaten a mountain is yon," she said,
"All so dreary wi frost and snow?"
"O yon is the mountain of hell," he cried,
"Where you and I will go."

15. He strack the tap-mast wi his hand,
The fore-mast wi his knee,
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.

## HUGH OF LINCOLN

1. Four and twenty bonny boys
Were playing at the ba,
And by it came him sweet Sir Hugh,
And he playd oer them a'.

2. He kicked the ba with his right foot,
And catchd it wi his knee,
And throuch-and-thro the Jew's window
He gard the bonny ba flee.

3. He 's doen him to the Jew's castell,
And walkd it round about;
And there he saw the Jew's daughter,
At the window looking out.

4. "Throw down the ba, ye Jew's daughter,
Throw down the ba to me!"
"Never a bit," says the Jew's daughter,
"Till up to me come ye."

5. "How will I come up? How can I come up?
How can I come to thee?
For as ye did to my auld father,
The same ye 'll do me."

6. She 's gane till her father's garden,
And pu'd an apple red and green;
'T was a' to wyle him sweet Sir Hugh,
And to entice him in.

7. She 's led him in through ae dark door,
And sae has she thro nine;
She 's laid him on a dressing-table,
And stickit him like a swine.

8. And first came out the thick, thick blood,
And syne came out the thin,
And syne came out the bonny heart's blood;
There was nae mair within.

9. She 's rowd him in a cake o lead,
Bade him lie still and sleep;
She 's thrown him in Our Lady's draw-well,
Was fifty fathom deep.

10. When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' the bairns came hame,
When every lady gat hame her son,
The Lady Maisry gat nane.

11. She 's taen her mantle her about,
Her coffer by the hand,
And she 's gane out to seek her son,
And wanderd oer the land.

12. She 's doen her to the Jew's castell,
Where a' were fast asleep:
"Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak."

13. She 's doen her to the Jew's garden,
Thought he had been gathering fruit:
"Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak."

14. She neard Our Lady's deep draw-well,
Was fifty fathom deep:
"Whareer ye be, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak."

15. "Gae hame, gae hame, my mither dear,
Prepare my winding sheet,
And at the back o merry Lincoln
The morn I will you meet."

16. Now Lady Maisry is gane hame,
Made him a winding sheet,
And at the back o merry Lincoln
The dead corpse did her meet.

17. And a' the bells o merry Lincoln
Without men's hands were rung,

And a' the books o merry Lincoln
Were read without man's tongue,
And neer was such a burial
Sin Adam's days begun.

## YOUNG BICHAM

1. In London city was Bicham born,
He longd strange countries for to see,
But he was taen by a savage Moor,
Who handld him right cruely.

2. For thro his shoulder he put a bore,
An thro the bore has pitten a tree,
An he 's gard him draw the carts o wine,
Where horse and oxen had wont to be.

3. He 's casten [him] in a dungeon deep,
Where he coud neither hear nor see;
He 's shut him up in a prison strong,
An he 's handld him right cruely.

4. O this Moor he had but ae daughter,
I wot her name was Shusy Pye;
She 's doen her to the prison-house,
And she 's calld Young Bicham one word by.

5. "O hae ye ony lands or rents,
Or citys in your ain country,
Coud free you out of prison strong,
An coud mantain a lady free?"

6. "O London city is my own,
An other citys twa or three
Coud loose me out o prison strong,
An coud mantain a lady free."

7. O she has bribed her father's men
Wi meikle goud and white money,
She 's gotten the key o the prison doors,
An she has set Young Bicham free.

8. She 's gi'n him a loaf o good white bread,
But an a flask o Spanish wine,
An she bad him mind on the ladie's love
That sae kindly freed him out o pine.

9. "Go set your foot on good ship-board,
An haste you back to your ain country,
An before that seven years has an end,
Come back again, love, and marry me."

10. It was long or seven years had an end
She longd fu sair her love to see;
She 's set her foot on good ship-board,
An turnd her back on her ain country.

11. She 's saild up, so has she doun,
Till she came to the other side;
She 's landed at Young Bicham's gates,
An I hop this day she sal be his bride.

12. "Is this Young Bicham's gates?" says she,
"Or is that noble prince within?"
"He 's up the stairs wi his bonny bride,
An monny a lord and lady wi him."

13. "O has he taen a bonny bride,
An has he clean forgotten me!"
An sighing said that gay lady,
"I wish I were in my ain country!"

14. But she 's pitten her han in her pocket,
An gin the porter guineas three;
Says, "Take ye that, ye proud porter,
An bid the bridegroom speak to me."

15. O whan the porter came up the stair,
He 's fa'n low down upon his knee:
"Won up, won up, ye proud porter,
An what makes a' this courtesy?"

16. "O I 've been porter at your gates
This mair nor seven years an three,
But there is a lady at them now
The like of whom I never did see.

17. "For on every finger she has a ring,
An on the mid-finger she has three,
An there 's as meikle goud aboon her brow
As woud buy an earldome o lan to me."

18. Then up it started Young Bicham,
An sware so loud by Our Lady,
"It can be nane but Shusy Pye,
That has come oer the sea to me."

19. O quickly ran he down the stair,
O fifteen steps he has made but three;
He 's tane his bonny love in his arms,
An a wot he kissd her tenderly.

20. "O hae you tane a bonny bride?
An hae you quite forsaken me?
An hae ye quite forgotten her
That gae you life an liberty?"

21. She 's lookit oer her left shoulder
To hide the tears stood in her ee;
"Now fare thee well, Young Bicham," she says,
"I 'll strive to think nae mair on thee."

22. "Take back your daughter, madam," he says,
"An a double dowry I 'll gi her wi;
For I maun marry my first true love,
That 's done and suffered so much for me."

23. He 's take his bonny love by the han,
And led her to yon fountain stane;
He 's changd her name frae Shusy Pye,
An he 's cald her his bonny love, Lady Jane.

## GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR

1. It fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was then,
When our good wife got puddings to make,
And she 's boild them in the pan.

2. The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
And blew into the floor;
Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,
"Gae out and bar the door."

3. "My hand is in my hussyfskap,
Goodman, as ye may see;
An it shoud nae be barrd this hundred year,
It 's no be barrd for me."

4. They made a paction tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure,
That the first word whaeer shoud speak,
Shoud rise and bar the door.

5. Then by there came two gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night,
And they could neither see house nor hall,
Nor coal nor candle-light.

6. "Now whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor?"
But neer a word wad ane o them speak,
For barring of the door.

7. And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black;
Tho muckle thought the goodwife to hersel,
Yet neer a word she spake.

8. Then said the one unto the other,
"Here, man, tak ye my knife;
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
And I 'll kiss the goodwife."

9. "But there 's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do than?"
"What ails thee at the pudding-broo,
That boils into the pan?"

10. O up then started our goodman,
An angry man was he:
"Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
And scad me wi pudding-bree?"

11. Then up and started our goodwife,
Gied three skips on the floor:
"Goodman, you 've spoken the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door."

## THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN

1. It fell about the Lammus time,
When the muir-men won their hay,
That the doughty Earl Douglas went
Into England to catch a prey.

2. He chose the Gordons and the Graemes,
With the Lindsays light and gay;
But the Jardines wadna wi him ride,
And they rued it to this day.

3. And he has burnt the dales o Tine
And part of Almonshire.
And three good towers on Roxburgh fells
He left them all on fire.

4. Then he marched up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about:
"O whae 's the lord of this castle,
Or whae 's the lady o 't?"

5. But up spake proud Lord Piercy then,
And O but he spak hie!
"I am the lord of this castle,
And my wife 's the lady gaye."

6. "If you are lord of this castle,
Sae weel it pleases me;
For ere I cross the border again
The ane of us shall die."

7. He took a lang speir in his hand,
Was made of the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas then
He rode most furiously.

8. But O how pale his lady lookd,
Frae off the castle wa,
When down before the Scottish spear
She saw brave Piercy fa!

9. How pale and wan his lady lookd,
Frae off the castle hieght,
When she beheld her Piercy yield
To Doughty Douglas' might!

10. "Had we twa been upon the green,
And never an eye to see,
I should have had ye flesh and fell;
But your sword shall gae wi me."

11. "But gae you up to Otterburn,
And there wait dayes three,
And if I come not ere three days' end
A fause lord ca ye me."

12. "The Otterburn 's a bonny burn,
'T is pleasant there to be,
But there is naught at Otterburn
To feed my men and me.

13. "The deer rins wild owr hill and dale,
The birds fly wild frae tree to tree,
And there is neither bread nor kale
To fend my men and me.

14. "But I will stay at Otterburn,
Where you shall welcome be;
And if ye come not at three days' end
A coward I 'll ca thee."

15. "Then gae your ways to Otterburn,
And there wait dayes three;
And if I come not ere three days' end
A coward ye's ca me."

16. They lighted high on Otterburn,
Upon the bent so brown,
They lighted high on Otterburn,
And threw their pallions down.

17. And he that had a bonny boy
Sent his horses to grass,
And he that had not a bonny boy
His ain servant he was.

18. But up then spak a little page,
Before the peep of the dawn;
"O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
For Piercy 's hard at hand!"

19. "Ye lie, ye lie, ye loud liar,
Sae loud I hear ye lie!
The Piercy hadna men yestreen
To dight my men and me.

20. "But I have seen a dreary dream,
Beyond the isle o Sky;
I saw a dead man won the fight,
And I think that man was I."

21. He belted on his good broad-sword
And to the field he ran,
Where he met wi the proud Piercy,
And a' his goodly train.

22. When Piercy wi the Douglas met,
I wat he was right keen;
They swakked their swords till sair they swat,
And the blood ran them between.

23. But Piercy wi his good broad-sword,
Was made o the metal free,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow
Till backward he did flee.

24. Then he calld on his little page,
And said, Run speedily,
And bring my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery.

25. [Who, when he saw the Douglas bleed,
His heart was wonder wae:
"Now, by my sword, that haughty lord
Shall rue before he gae."

26. "My nephew bauld," the Douglas said,
"What boots the death of ane?
Last night I dreamed a dreary dream,
And I ken the day 's thy ain.

27. "I dreamd I saw a battle fought
Beyond the isle o Sky,
When lo! a dead man wan the field,
And I thought that man was I.

28. "My wound is deep, I fain wad sleep,
Nae mair I 'll fighting see;
Gae lay me in the breaken bush
That grows on yonder lee.

29. "But tell na ane of my brave men
That I lye bleeding wan,
But let the name of Douglas still
Be shouted in the van.

30. "And bury me here on this lee,
Beneath the blooming briar,
And never let a mortal ken
A kindly Scot lyes here."

31. He liftit up that noble lord,
Wi the saut tear in his ee,
And hid him in the breaken bush,
On yonder lily lee.

32. The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinters flew,
But mony gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsman slew.

33. Sir Hugh Montgomery he rode
Thro all the field in sight,
And loud the name of Douglas still
He urgd wi a' his might.

34. The Gordons good, in English blood
They steeped their hose and shoon,
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till a' the fray was doon.]

35. When stout Sir Hugh wi Piercy met,
I wat he was right fain;
They swakked their swords till sair they swat,
And the blood ran down like rain,

36. "O yield thee, Piercy," said Sir Hugh,
"O yield, or ye shall die!"
"Fain wad I yield," proud Piercy said,
"But neer to loun like thee."

37. "Thou shalt not yield to knave nor loun,
Nor shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the breaken bush
That grows on yonder lee."

38. "I will not yield to bush or brier,
Nor will I yield to thee;
But I will yield to Lord Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh Montgomery."

39. [When Piercy knew it was Sir Hugh,
He fell low on his knee,
But soon he raisd him up again,
Wi mickle courtesy.]

40. He left not an Englishman on the field
. . . . . .
That he hadna either killd or taen
Ere his heart's blood was cauld.

## CHEVY CHASE

1. God prosper long our noble *king*,
our liffes and saftyes all!
A woefull hunting once there did
in Cheuy Chase befall.

2. To dr*i*ue the deere w*i*th hound and horne
Erle Pearcy took the way:
The child may rue *that* is vnborne
the hunting of *that* day!

3. The stout Erle of Northumberland
a vow to God did make
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
three som*m*ers days to take,

4. The cheefest harts in Cheuy C[h]ase
to kill and beare away:
These tydings to Erle Douglas came
in Scottland, where he lay.

5. Who sent Erle Pearcy pr*e*sent word
he would pr*e*vent his sport;
The English erle, not fearing that,
did to the woods resort,

6. With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew ffull well in time of neede
to ayme their shafts arright.

7. The gallant greyhound[s] swiftly ran
to chase the fallow deere;
On Munday they began to hunt,
ere daylight did appeare.

8. And long before high noone the had
a hundred fat buckes slaine;
Then hauing dined, the drouyers went
to rouze the deare againe.

9. The bowmen mustered on the hills,
well able to endure;
Theire backsids all with speciall care
that day were guarded sure.

10. The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
the nimble deere to take,
That with their cryes the hills and dales
an eccho shrill did make.

11. Lord Pearcy to the querry went
to veiw the tender deere;
Quoth he, "Erle Douglas promised once
this day to meete me heere;

12. "But if I thought he wold not come,
noe longer wold I stay."
With that a braue younge gentlman
thus to the erle did say:

13. "Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
hys men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres
all marching in our sight.

14. "All men of pleasant Tiuydale,
fast by the riuer Tweede:"
"O ceaze your sportts!" Erle Pearcy said,
"and take your bowes with speede.

15. "And now with me, my countrymen,
your courage forth advance!
For there was neuer champion yett,
in Scottland nor in Ffrance,

16. "*That* euer did on horsbacke come,
[but], and if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
with him to break a spere."

17. Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,
most like a baron bold,
Rode formost of his company,
whose armor shone like gold.

18. "Shew me," sayd hee, "whose men you bee
*that* hunt soe boldly heere,
*That* without my consent doe chase
and kill my fallow deere."

19. The first man *that* did answer make
was noble Pearcy hee,
Who sayd, "Wee list not to declare
nor shew whose men wee bee;

20. "Yett wee will spend our deerest blood
thy cheefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solempne oathe,
and thus in rage did say:

21. "Ere thus I will outbraued bee,
one of vs tow shall dye;
I know thee well, an erle thou art;
Lord Pearcy, soe am I.

22. "But trust me, Pearcye, pittye it were,
amd great offence, to kill
Then any of these our guiltlesse men,
for they haue done none ill.

23. "Let thou and I the battell trye,
and set our men aside:"
"Accurst bee [he!]" Erle Pearcye sayd,
"by whome it is denyed."

24. Then stept a gallant squire forth —
Witherington was his name —
Who said, "I wold not haue it told
To Henery our *king*, for shame,

25. "*That* ere my captaine fought on foote,
and I stand looking on.
You bee two Erles," quoth Witherington,
"and I a squier alone;

26. "I 'le doe the best *that* doe I may,
while I haue power to stand;
While I haue power to weeld my sword,
I 'le fight with hart and hand."

27. Our English archers bent thier bowes;
their harts were good and trew;
Att the first flight of arrowes sent,
full foure score Scotts the slew.

28. To driue the deere with hound and horne,
Dauglas bade on the bent;
Two captaines moued with mickle might,
their speres to shiuers went.

29. They closed full fast on euerye side,
noe slacknes there was found,
But many a gallant gentleman
lay gasping on the ground.

30. O Christ! it was great greeue to see
how eche man chose his spere,
And how the blood out of their brests
did gush like water cleare.

31. At last these two stout erles did meet,
like captaines of great might;
Like lyons woode they layd on lode;
the made a cruell fight.

32. The fought vntill they both did sweat,
with swords of tempered steele,
Till blood downe their cheekes like raine
the trickling downe did feele.

33. "O yeeld thee, Pearcye!" Douglas sayd,
"And in faith I will thee bringe
Where thou shall high advanced bee
by Iames our Scottish king.

34. "Thy ransome I will freely giue,
and this report of thee,
Thou art the most couragious k*nigh*t
[that ever I did see.]"

35. "Noe, Douglas!" q*uo*th Erle Percy then,
"thy p*ro*fer I doe scorne;
I will not yeelde to any Scott
*tha*t eue*r* yett was borne!"

36. W*i*th *th*at there came an arrow keene,
out of an English bow,
Which stroke Erle Douglas on the brest
a deepe and deadlye blow.

37. Who neue*r* sayd more words than these;
"Fight on, my merry men all!
For why, my life is att [an] end,
lo*rd* Pearcy sees my fall."

38. Then leauing liffe, Erle Pearcy tooke
the dead man by the hand;
Who said, "Erle Dowglas, for thy life,
wold I had lost my land!

39. "O Christ! my verry hart doth bleed
for sorrow for thy sake,
For sure, a more redoubted k*nigh*t
mischance cold neue*r* take."

40. A k*nigh*t amongst the Scotts there was
w*hi*ch saw Erle Douglas dye,
Who streight in hart did vow revenge
vpon the Lord Pearcye.

41. Sir Hugh Mountgomerye was he called,
who, with a spere full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
ran feircly through the fight,

42. And past the English archers all,
without all dread or feare,
And through Erle Percyes body then
he thrust his hatfull spere.

43. With such a vehement force and might
his body he did gore,
The staff ran through the other side
a large cloth-yard and more.

44. Thus did both those nobles dye,
whose courage none cold staine;
An English archer then perceiued
the noble erle was slaine.

45. He had [a] good bow in his hand,
made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
to the hard head haled hee.

46. Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye
his shaft full right he sett;
The grey-goose-winge *that* was there-on
in his harts bloode was wett.

47. This fight from breake of day did last
till setting of the sun,
For when the rung the euening-bell
the battele scarse was done.

48. With stout Erle Percy there was slaine
Sir Iohn of Egerton,
Sir Robert Harcliffe and Sir William,
Sir Iames, that bold barron.

49. And with Sir George and Sir Iames,
both knights of good account,
Good Sir Raphe Rebbye there was slaine,
whose prowesse did surmount.

50. For Witherington needs must I wayle
as one in dolefull dumpes,
For when his leggs were smitten of,
he fought vpon his stumpes.

51. And with Erle Dowglas there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
And Sir Charles Morrell, *that* from feelde
one foote wold neuer flee;

52. Sir Roger Heuer of Harcliffe tow,
his sisters sonne was hee;
Sir David Lambwell, well esteemed,
but saved he cold not bee.

53. And the Lord Maxwell, in like case,
with Douglas he did dye;
Of twenty hundred Scottish speeres,
scarce fifty-fiue did flye.

54. Of fifteen hundred Englishmen
went home but fifty-three;
The rest in Cheuy Chase were slaine,
vnder the greenwoode tree.

55. Next day did many widdowes come
their husbands to bewayle;
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
but all wold not prevayle.

56. Theyr bodyes, bathed in purple blood,
the bore with them away;
They kist them dead a thousand times
ere the were cladd in clay.

57. The newes was brought to Eddenborrow,
where Scottlands king did rayne,
That braue Erle Douglas soddainlye
was with an arrow slaine.

58. "O heauy newes!" King Iames can say;
"Scottland may wittenesse bee
I haue not any captaine more
of such account as hee."

59. Like tydings to King Henery came,
within as short a space,
That Pearcy of Northumberland
was slaine in Cheuy Chase.

60. "Now God be with him!" said our king,
"sith it will noe better bee;
I trust I haue within my realme
fiue hundred as good as hee.

61. "Yett shall not Scotts nor Scottland say
but I will vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all
for braue Erle Percyes sake."

62. This vow the k*ing* did well p*er*forme
after on Humble-downe;
In one day fifty k*nigh*ts were slayne,
w*i*th lords of great renowne.

63. And of the rest, of small account,
did many hundreds dye:
Thus endeth the hunting in Cheuy Chase,
made by the Erle Pearcye.

64. God saue our k*ing*, and blesse this land
w*i*th plentye, ioy, and peace,
And grant henceforth *tha*t foule debate
twixt noble men may ceaze!

## JOHNIE ARMSTRONG

1. There dwelt a man in faire Westmerland,
Ionnë Armestrong men did him call,
He had nither lands nor rents coming in,
Yet he kept eight score men in his hall.

2. He had horse and harness for them all,
Goodly steeds were all milke-white;
O the golden bands an about their necks,
And their weapons, they were all alike.

3. Newes then was brought unto the king
That there was sicke a won as hee,
That livëd lyke a bold out-law,
And robbëd all the north country.

4. The king he writt an letter then,
A letter which was large and long;
He signëd it with his owne hand,
And he promised to doe him no wrong.

5. When this letter came Ionnë untill,
His heart it was as blythe as birds on the tree:
"Never was I sent for before any king,
My father, my grandfather, nor none but mee.

6. "And if wee goe the king before,
I would we went most orderly;
Every man of you shall have his scarlet cloak,
Laced with silver laces three.

7. "Every won of you shall have his velvett coat,
Laced with sillver lace so white;
O the golden bands an about your necks,
Black hatts, white feathers, all alyke."

8. By the morrow morninge at ten of the clock,
Towards Edenburough gon was hee,
And with him all his eight score men;
Good lord, it was a goodly sight for to see!

9. When Ionnë came befower the king,
He fell downe on his knee;
"O pardon, my soveraine leige," he said,
"O pardon my eight score men and mee!"

10. "Thou shalt have no pardon, thou traytor strong,
For thy eight score men nor thee;

For to-morrow morning by ten of the clock,
Both thou and them shall hang on the gallow tree."

11. But Ionnë looke'd over his left shoulder,
Good Lord, what a grevious look looked hee!
Saying, "Asking grace of a graceles face —
Why there is none for you nor me."

12. But Ionnë had a bright sword by his side,
And it was made of the mettle so free,
That had not the king stept his foot aside,
He had smitten his head from his faire boddë.

13. Saying, "Fight on, my merry men all,
And see that none of you be taine;
For rather then men shall say we were hange'd,
Let them report how we were slaine."

14. Then, God wott, faire Eddenburrough rose,
And so besett poore Ionnë rounde,
That fowerscore and tenn of Ionnes best men
Lay gasping all upon the ground.

15. Then like a mad man Ionne laide about,
And like a mad man then fought hee,
Untill a falce Scot came Ionne behinde,
And runn him through the faire boddee.

16. Saying, "Fight on, my merry men all,
And see that none of you be taine;
For I will stand by and bleed but awhile,
And then will I come and fight againe."

17. Newes then was brought to young Ionne Armestrong,
As he stood by his nurses knee,
Who vowed if ere he live'd for to be a man,
O the treacherous Scots revengd hee'd be.

## CAPTAIN CAR

1. It befell at Martynmas,
When wether waxed colde,
Captaine Care said to his men,
We must go take a holde.

Syck, sike, and to-towe sike,
And sike and like to die;
The sikest nighte that euer I abode,
God lord haue mercy on me!

2. "Haille, master, and wether you will,
And wether ye like it best";
"To the castle of Crecrynbroghe,
And there we will take our reste."

3. "I knowe wher is a gay castle,
Is builded of lyme and stone;
Within their is a gay ladie,
Her lord is riden and gone."

4. The ladie she lend on her castle-walle,
She loked vpp and downe;
There was she ware of an host of men,
Come riding to the towne.

5. "Se yow, my meri men all,
And se yow what I see?
Yonder I see a host of men,
I muse who they bee."

6. She thought he had ben her wed lord,
As he comd riding home;
Then was it traitur Captaine Care,
The lord of Ester-towne.

7. They wer no soner at supper sett,
Then after said the grace,
Or Captaine Care and all his men
Wer lighte aboute the place.

8. "Gyue ouer thi howsse, thou lady gay,
And I will make the a bande;
To-nighte thou shall ly within my armes,
To-morrowe thou shall ere my lande."

9. Then bespacke the eldest sonne,
That was both whitt and redde:
"O mother dere, geue ouer your howsse,
Or elles we shalbe deade."

10. "I will not geue ouer my hous," she saithe,
"Not for feare of my lyffe;
It shalbe talked throughout the land,
The slaughter of a wyffe.

11. "Fetch me my pestilett,
And charge me my gonne,
That I may shott at yonder bloddy butcher,
The lord of Easter-towne."

12. Styfly vpon her wall she stode,
And lett the pellettes flee;
But then she myst the blody bucher,
And she slew other three.

13. "[I will] not geue ouer my hous," she saithe,
"Netheir for lord nor lowne;
Nor yet for traitour Captaine Care,
The lord of Easter-towne.

14. "I desire of Captine Care,
And all his bloddye band,
That he would saue my eldest sonne,
The eare of all my lande."

15. "Lap him in a shete," he sayth,
"And let him downe to me,
And I shall take him in my armes,
His waran shall I be."

16. The captayne sayd unto him selfe:
Wyth sped, before the rest,
He cut his tonge out of his head,
His hart out of his brest.

17. He lapt them in a handkerchef,
And knet it of knotes three,
And cast them ouer the castell-wall,
At that gay ladye.

18. "Fye vpon the, Captayne Care,
And all thy bloddy band!
For thou hast slayne my eldest sonne,
The ayre of all my land."

19. Then bespake the yongest sonne,
That sat on the nurses knee,
Sayth, "Mother gay, geue ouer your house;
It smoldereth me."

20. "I wold geue my gold," she saith,
"And so I wolde my ffee,
For a blaste of the westryn wind,
To dryue the smoke from thee.

21. "Fy vpon the, John Hamleton,
That euer I paid the hyre!
For thou hast broken my castle-wall,
And kyndled in the ffyre."

22. The lady gate to her close parler,
The fire fell aboute her head;
She toke vp her children thre,
Seth, "Babes, we are all dead."

23. Then bespake the hye steward,
That is of hye degree;
Saith, "Ladie gay, you are in close,
Wether ye fighte or flee."

24. Lord Hamleton dremd in his dream,
In Caruall where he laye,
His halle were all of fyre,
His ladie slayne or daye.

25. "Busk and bowne, my mery men all,
Even and go ye with me;
For I dremd that my haal was on fyre,
My lady slayne or day."

26. He buskt him and bownd hym,
And like a worthi knighte;
And when he saw his hall burning,
His harte was no dele lighte.

27. He sett a trumpett till his mouth,
He blew as it plesd his grace;
Twenty score of Hamlentons
Was light aboute the place.

28. "Had I knowne as much yesternighte
As I do to-daye,
Captaine Care and all his men
Should not haue gone so quite.

29. "Fye vpon the, Captaine Care,
And all thy blody bande!
Thou haste slayne my lady gay,
More wurth then all thy lande.

30. "If thou had ought eny ill will," he saith,
"Thou shoulde haue taken my lyffe,
And haue saved my children thre,
All and my louesome wyffe."

## THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY

1. Ye Highlands, and ye Lawlands,
Oh where have you been?
They have slain the Earl of Murray,
And they layd him on the green.

2. "Now wae be to thee, Huntly!
And wherefore did you sae?
I bade you bring him wi you,
But forbade you him to slay."

3. He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh he might have been a king!

4. He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the ba;
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower amang them a'.

5. He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the glove;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh he was the Queen's love!

6. Oh lang will his lady
Look oer the castle Down,
Eer she see the Earl of Murray
Come sounding thro the town!
Eer she, etc.

## KINMONT WILLIE

1. O HAVE ye na heard o the fause Sakelde?
O have ye na heard o the keen Lord Scroop?
How they hae taen bauld Kinmont Willie,
On Hairibee to hang him up?

2. Had Willie had but twenty men,
But twenty men as stout as he,
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont taen,
Wi eight score in his companie.

3. They band his legs beneath the steed,
They tied his hands behind his back;
They guarded him, fivesome on each side,
And they brought him ower the Liddel-rack.

4. They led him thro the Liddel-rack,
And also thro the Carlisle sands;
They brought him to Carlisle castell,
To be at my Lord Scroope's commands.

5. "My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
And whae will dare this deed avow?
Or answer by the border law?
Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?"

6. "Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!
There 's never a Scot shall set ye free;
Before ye cross my castle-yate,
I trow ye shall take farewell o me."

7. "Fear na ye that, my lord," quo Willie;
"By the faith o my bodie, Lord Scroop," he said,
"I never yet lodged in a hostelrie
But I paid my lawing before I gaed."

8. Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper,
In Branksome Ha where that he lay,
That Lord Scroope has taen the Kinmont Willie,
Between the hours of night and day.

9. He has taen the table wi his hand,
He garrd the red wine spring on hie;
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
"But avenged of Lord Scroop I 'll be!

10. "O is my basnet a widow's curch?
Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree?
Or my arm a ladye's lilye hand?
That an English lord should lightly me.

11. "And have they taen him Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide,
And forgotten that the bauld Bacleuch
Is keeper here on the Scottish side?

12. "And have they een taen him Kinmont Willie,
Withouten either dread or fear,
And forgotten that the bauld Bacleuch
Can back a steed, or shake a spear?

13. "O were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is none,
I would slight Carlisle castell high,
Tho it were builded of marble-stone.

14. "I would set that castell in a low,
And sloken it with English blood;
There 's nevir a man in Cumberland
Should ken where Carlisle castell stood.

15. "But since nae war's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be,
I 'll neither harm English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!"

16. He has calld him forty marchmen bauld,
I trow they were of his ain name,
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, calld
The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

17. He has calld him forty marchmen bauld,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch,
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld,
And gleuves of green, and feathers blue.

18. There were five and five before them a',
Wi hunting-horns and bugles bright;
And five and five came wi Buccleuch,
Like Warden's men, arrayed for fight.

19. And five and five like a mason-gang,
That carried the ladders lang and hie;
And five and five like broken men;
And so they reached the Woodhouselee.

20. And as we crossed the Bateable Land,
When to the English side we held,
The first o men that we met wi,
Whae sould it be but fause Sakelde!

21. "Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?"
Quo fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!"
"We go to hunt an English stag,
Has trespassd on the Scots countrie."

22. "Where be ye gaun, ye marshal-men?"
Quo fause Sakelde; "come tell to me true!"
"We go to catch a rank reiver,
Has broken faith wi the bauld Buccleuch."

23. "Where are ye gaun, ye mason-lads,
Wi a' your ladders lang and hie?"
"We gang to herry a corbie's nest,
That wons not far frae Woodhouselee."

24. "Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?"
Quo fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!"
Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,
And the never a word o lear had he.

25. "Why trespass ye on the English side?
Row-footed outlaws, stand!" quo he;
The neer a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust the lance thro his fause bodie.

26. Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we crossd;
The water was great, and meikle of spait,
But the nevir a horse nor man we lost.

27. And when we reached the Stanshaw-bank,
The wind was rising loud and hie;
And there the laird garrd leave our steeds,
For fear that they should stamp and nie.

28. And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw;
But 't was wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castel-wa.

29. We crept on knees, and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders against the wa;
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsell
To mount the first before us a'.

30. He has taen the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead:
"Had there not been peace between our lands,
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed.

31. "Now sound out, trumpets!" quo Buccleuch;
"Let 's waken Lord Scroope right merrilie!"
Then loud the Warden's trumpets blew
"O whae dare meddle wi me?"

32. Then speedilie to wark we gaed,
And raised the slogan ane and a',
And cut a hole thro a sheet of lead,
And so we wan to the castel-ha.

33. They thought King James and a' his men
Had won the house wi bow and speir:
It was but twenty Scots and ten
That put a thousand in sic a stear!

34. Wi coulters and wi forehammers,
We garrd the bars bang merrilie,
Untill we came to the inner prison,
Where Willie o Kinmont he did lie.

35. And when we cam to the lower prison,
Where Willie o Kinmont he did lie,
"O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou 's to die?"

36. "O I sleep saft, and I wake aft,
It 's lang since sleeping was fleyd frae me;
Gie my service back to my wyfe and bairns,
And a' gude fellows that speer for me."

37. Then Red Rowan has hente him up,
The starkest men in Teviotdale:
"Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.

38. "Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope!
My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!" he cried;
"I 'll pay you for my lodging-maill
When first we meet on the border-side."

39. Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
We bore him down the ladder lang;
At every stride Red Rowan made,
I wot the Kinmont's airns playd clang.

40. "O mony a time," quo Kinmont Willie,
"I have ridden horse baith wild and wood;
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
I ween my legs have neer bestrode.

41. "And mony a time," quo Kinmont Willie,
"I 've pricked a horse out oure the furs;
But since the day I backed a steed
I nevir wore sic cumbrous spurs."

42. We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men, in horse and foot,
Cam wi the keen Lord Scroope along.

43. Buccleuch has turned to Eden Water,
Even where it flowd frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi a' his band,
And safely swam them thro the stream.

44. He turned him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he:
"If ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me!"

45. All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane;
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes
When thro the water they had gane.

46. "He is either himsell a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
I wad na have ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christentie."

## BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

1. Hie upon Hielands,
and laigh upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
rode out on a day.

2. He saddled, he bridled,
and gallant rode he,
And hame cam his guid horse,
but never cam he.

3. Out cam his mother dear,
greeting fu sair,
And out cam his bonnie bryde,
riving her hair.

4. "The meadow lies green,
the corn is unshorn,
But bonnie George Campbell
will never return."

5. Saddled and bridled
and booted rode he,
A plume in his helmet,
A sword at his knee.

6. But toom cam his saddle,
all bloody to see,
Oh, hame cam his guid horse,
but never cam he!

## THE DOWY HOUMS O YARROW

1. LATE at een, drinkin the wine,
Or early in a mornin,
The set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawnin.

2. "O stay at hame, my noble lord!
O stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray,
On the dowy houms o Yarrow."

3. "O fare ye weel, my lady gaye!
O fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, tho I neer return
Frae the dowy banks o Yarrow."

4. She kissed his cheek, she kaimd his hair,
As she had done before, O;
She belted on his noble brand,
An he 's awa to Yarrow.

5. O he 's gane up yon high, high hill —
I wat he gaed wi sorrow —
And in a den spied nine armd men,
I the dowy houms o Yarrow.

6. "O ir ye come to drink the wine,
As ye hae doon before, O?
Or ir ye come to wield the brand,
On the bonny banks o Yarrow?"

7. "I im no come to drink the wine,
As I hae don before, O,
But I im come to wield the brand,
On the dowy houms o Yarrow."

8. Four he hurt, an five he slew,
On the dowy houms o Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
An ran his body thorrow.

9. "Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother John,
An tell your sister Sarah
To come an lift her noble lord,
Who 's sleepin sound on Yarrow."

10. "Yestreen I dreamd a dolefu dream;
I kend there wad be sorrow;
I dreamd I pu'd the heather green,
On the dowy banks o Yarrow."

11. She gaed up yon high, high hill —
I wat she gaed wi sorrow —
An in a den spy'd nine dead men,
On the dowy houms o Yarrow.

12. She kissed his cheek, she kaimd his hair,
As oft she did before, O;
She drank the red blood frae him ran,
On the dowy houms o Yarrow.

13. "O haud your tongue, my douchter dear,
For what needs a' this sorrow?
I 'll wed you on a better lord
Than him you lost on Yarrow."

14. "O haud your tongue, my father dear,
An dinna grieve your Sarah;
A better lord was never born
Than him I lost on Yarrow.

15. "Tak hame your ousen, tak hame your kye,
For they hae bred our sorrow;
I wiss that they had a' gane mad
Whan they cam first to Yarrow."

## JOHNIE COCK

1. JOHNY he has risen up i the morn,
Calls for water to wash his hands;
But little knew he that his bloody hounds
Were bound in iron bands. bands
Were bound in iron bands.

2. Johny's mother has gotten word o that,
And care-bed she has taen:
"O Johny, for my benison,
I beg you 'l stay at hame;
For the wine so red, and the well baken bread,
My Johny shall want nane.

3. "There are seven forsters at Pickeram Side,
At Pickeram where they dwell,
And for a drop of thy heart's bluid
They wad ride the fords of hell."

4. Johny he 's gotten word of that,
And he 's turnd wondrous keen;
He 's put off the red scarlett,
And he 's put on the Lincolm green.

5. With a sheaf of arrows by his side,
And a bent bow in his hand,
He 's mounted on a prancing steed,
And he has ridden fast oer the strand.

6. He 's up i Braidhouplee, and down i Bradyslee,
And under a buss o broom,
And there he found a good dun deer,
Feeding in a buss of ling.

7. Johny shot, and the dun deer lap,
And she lap wondrous wide,
Until they came to the wan water,
And he stemd her of her pride.

8. He 'as taen out the little pen-knife,
'T was full three quarters long,

And he has taen out of that dun deer
The liver bot and the tongue.

9. They eat of the flesh, and they drank of the blood,
And the blood it was so sweet,
Which caused Johny and his bloody hounds
To fall in a deep sleep.

10. By then came an old palmer,
And an ill death may he die!
For he 's away to Pickram Side,
As fast as he can drie.

11. "What news, what news?" says the Seven Forsters,
"What news have ye brought to me?"
"I have noe news," the palmer said,
"But what I saw with my eye.

12. "High up i Bradyslee, low down i Bradisslee,
And under a buss of scroggs,
O there I spied a well-wight man,
Sleeping among his dogs.

13. "His coat it was of Light Lincolm,
And his breeches of the same,
His shoes of the American leather,
And gold buckles tying them."

14. Up bespake the Seven Forsters,
Up bespake they ane and a':
"O that is Johny o Cockleys Well,
And near him we will draw."

15. O the first y stroke that they gae him,
They struck him off by the knee;
Then up bespake his sister's son:
"O the next 'll gar him die!"

16. "O some they count ye well-wight men,
But I do count ye nane;
For you might well ha wakend me,
And askd gin I wad be taen.

17. "The wildest wolf in aw this wood
Wad not ha done so by me;
She 'd ha wet her foot ith wan water,
And sprinkled it oer my brae,
And if that wad not ha wakend me,
She wad ha gone and let me be.

18. "O bows of yew, if ye be true,
In London, where ye were bought,
Fingers five, get up belive,
Manhuid shall fail me nought."

19. He has killd the Seven Forsters,
He has killd them all but ane,
And that wan scarce to Pickeram Side,
To carry the bode-words hame.

20. "Is there never a boy in a' this wood
That will tell what I can say;
That will go to Cockleys Well,
Tell my mither to fetch me away?"

21. There was a boy into that wood,
That carried the tidings away,

And many ae was the well-wight man
At the fetching o Johny away.

## ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE

1. When shawes beene sheene, and shradds full fayre,
And leeues both large and longe,
Itt is merry, walking in the fayre fforrest,
To heare the small birds songe.

2. The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,
Amongst the leaues a lyne:
And it is by two wight yeomen,
By deare God, *that* I meane.

. . . . . .

3. "Me thought they did mee beate and binde,
And tooke my bow mee froe;
If I bee Robin a-liue in this lande,
I 'le be wrocken on both them towe."

4. "Sweauens are swift, m*aster*," q*uo*th Iohn
"As the wind *that* blowes ore a hill;
Ffor if itt be neu*er* soe lowde this night,
To-morrow it may be still."

5. "Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all.
Ffor Iohn shall goe w*i*th mee;
For I 'le goe seeke yond wight yeomen
In greenwood where the bee."

6. The cast on their gowne of greene,
A shooting gone are they,

Vntill they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest bee;
There were the ware of [a] wight yeoman,
His body leaned to a tree.

7. A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
Had beene many a mans bane,
And he was cladd in his capull-hyde,
Topp, and tayle, and mayne.

8. "Stand you still, m*aster*," q*uo*th Litle Iohn,
"Vnder this trusty tree,
And I will goe to yond wight yeoman,
To know his meaning trulye."

9. "A, Iohn, by me thou setts noe store,
And *that*'s a ffarley thinge;
How offt send I my men beffore,
And tarry my-selfe behinde?

10. "It is noe cunning a knaue to ken,
And a man but heare him speake;
And itt were not for bursting of my bowe,
Iohn, I wold thy head breake."

11. But often words they breeden bale,
*That* par*te*d Robin and Iohn;
Iohn is gone to Barn[e]sdale,
The gates he knowes eche one.

12. And when hee came to Barnesdale,
Great heauinesse there hee hadd;
He ffound two of his fellowes
Were slaine both in a slade,

13. And Scarlett a ffoote flyinge was,
Ouer stockes and stone,
For the sheriffe with seuen score men
Fast after him is gone.

14. "Yett one shoote I 'le shoote," sayes Litle Iohn,
"With Crist his might and mayne;
I 'le make yond fellow *that* flyes soe fast
To be both glad and ffaine."

15. Iohn bent vp a good veiwe bow,
And ffetteled him to shoote;
The bow was made of a tender boughe,
And fell downe to his foote.

16. "Woe worth thee, wicked wood," sayd Litle Iohn,
"*That* ere thou grew on a tree!
Ffor this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou shold bee!"

17. This shoote it was but looselye shott,
The arrowe flew in vaine,
And it mett one of the sheriffes men;
Good *William* a Trent was slaine.

18. It had beene better for *William* a Trent
To hange vpon a gallowe
Then for to lye in the greenwoode,
There slaine with an arrowe.

19. And it is sayd, when men be mett,
Six can doe more then three:
And they haue tane Litle Iohn,
And bound him ffast to a tree.

20. "Thou shalt be drawen by dale and downe," quoth
the sheriffe,
"And hanged hye on a hill":
"But thou may ffayle," quoth Litle Iohn,
"If itt be Christs owne will."

21. Let vs leaue talking of Litle Iohn,
For hee is bound fast to a tree,
And talke of Guy and Robin Hood,
In the green woode where they bee.

22. How these two yeomen together they mett,
Vnder the leaues of lyne,
To see what marchandise they made
Euen at that same time.

23. "Good morrow, good fellow," quoth Sir Guy;
"Good morrow, good ffellow," quoth hee;
"Methinkes by this bow thou beares in thy hand,
A good archer thou seems to bee."

24. "I am wilfull of my way," quoth Sir Guye,
"And of my morning tyde":
"I 'le lead thee through the wood," quoth Robin,
"Good ffellow, I 'le be thy guide."

25. "I seeke an outlaw," quoth Sir Guye,
"Men call him Robin Hood;
I had rather meet with him vpon a day
Then forty pound of golde."

26. "If you tow mett, itt wold be seene whether were
better
Afore yee did part awaye;

Let vs some other pastime find,
Good ffellow, I thee pray.

27. "Let vs some other masteryes make,
And wee will walke in the woods euen;
Wee may chance mee[t] with Robin Hoode
Att some vnsett steven."

28. They cutt them downe the summer shroggs
Which grew both vnder a bryar,
And sett them three score rood in twinn,
To shoote the prickes full neare.

29. "Leade on, good ffellow," sayd Sir Guye,
"Lead on, I doe bidd thee":
"Nay, by my faith," quoth Robin Hood,
"The leader thou shalt bee."

30. The first good shoot *that* Robin ledd
Did not shoote an inch the pricke ffroe;
Guy was an archer good enoughe,
But he cold neere shoote soe.

31. The second shoote Sir Guy shott,
He shott within the garlande;
But Robin Hoode shott it better then hee,
For he cloue the good pricke-wande.

32. "Gods blessing on thy heart!" sayes Guye,
"Goode ffellow, thy shooting is goode;
For an thy hart be as good as thy hands,
Thou were better then Robin Hood.

33. "Tell me thy name, good ffellow," quoth Guy,
"Vnder the leaues of lyne":
"Nay, by my faith," quoth good Robin,
"Till thou haue told me thine."

34. "I dwell by dale and downe," quoth Guye,
"And I haue done many a curst turne;
And he *that* calles me by my right name
Calles me Guye of good Gysborne."

35. "My dwelling is in the wood," sayes Robin;
"By thee I set right nought;
My name is Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
A ffellow thou has long sought."

36. He *that* had neither beene a kithe nor kin
Might haue seene a full fayre sight,
To see how together these yeomen went,
With blades both browne and bright.

37. To haue seene how these yeomen together foug[ht],
Two howers of a summers day;
Itt was neither Guy nor Robin Hood
*That* ffettled them to flye away.

38. Robin was reacheles on a roote,
And stumbled at *that* tyde,
And Guy was quicke and nimble withall,
And hitt him ore the left side.

39. "Ah, deere Lady!" sayd Robin Hoode,
"Thou art both mother and may!
I thinke it was neuer mans destinye
To dye before his day."

40. Robin thought on Our Lady deere,
And soone leapt vp againe,
And thus he came with an awkwarde stroke;
Good Sir Guy hee has slayne.

41. He tooke Sir Guys head by the hayre,
And sticked itt on his bowes end:
"Thou hast beene traytor all thy liffe,
Which thing must haue an ende."

42. Robin pulled forth an Irish kniffe,
And nicked Sir Guy in the fface,
That hee was neuer on a woman borne
Cold tell who Sir Guye was.

43. Saies, "Lye there, lye there, good Sir Guye,
And with me be not wrothe;
If thou haue had the worse stroakes at my hand
Thou shalt haue the better cloathe."

44. Robin did off his gowne of greene,
Sir Guy hee did it throwe;
And hee put on *that* capull-hyde,
*That* cladd him topp to toe.

45. "The bowe, the arrowes, and litle horne,
And with me now I 'le beare;
Ffor now I will goe to Barn[e]sdale,
To see how my men doe ffare."

46. Robin sett Guyes horne to his mouth,
A lowd blast in it he did blow;
*That* beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned vnder a lowe.

47. "Hearken! hearken!" sayd the sheriffe,
"I heard noe tydings but good;
For yonder I heare *Sir* Guyes horne blowe,
For he hath slaine Robin Hoode.

48. "For yonder I heare *Sir* Guyes horne blow,
Itt blowes soe well in tyde,
For yonder comes *that* wighty yeoman,
Cladd in his capull-hyde.

49. "Come hither, thou good *Sir* Guy,
Aske of mee what thou wilt haue":
"I 'le none of thy gold," sayes Robin Hood,
"Nor I 'le none of itt haue.

50. "But now I haue slaine the *master*," he sayd,
"Let me goe strike the knaue;
This is all the reward I aske,
Nor noe other will I haue."

51. "Thou art a madman," said the shiriffe,
"Thou sholdest haue had a knights ffee;
Seeing thy asking [hath] beene soe badd,
Well granted it shall be."

52. But Litle Iohn heard his *master* speake,
Well he knew *that* was his steuen;
"Now shall I be loset," *quoth* Litle Iohn,
"*With* Christs might in heauen."

53. But Robin hee hyed him towards Litle Iohn,
Hee thought hee wold loose him beliue;
The sheriffe and all his companye
Fast after him did driue.

54. "Stand abacke! stand abacke!" sayd Robin;
"Why draw you mee soe neere?
Itt was neuer the vse in our countrye
One's shrift another shold heere."

55. But Robin pulled forth an Irysh kniffe,
And losed Iohn hand and ffoote,
And gaue him Sir Guyes bow in his hand,
And bade it be his boote.

56. But Iohn tooke Guyes bow in his hand —
His arrowes were rawstye by the roote —;
The sherriffe saw Litle Iohn draw a bow
And ffettle him to shoote.

57. Towards his house in Nottingam
He ffled full fast away,
And soe did all his companye,
Not one behind did stay.

58. But he cold neither soe fast goe,
Nor away soe fast runn,
But Litle Iohn, with an arrow broade,
Did cleaue his heart in twinn.

## ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL

1. When Robin Hood and Little John
Down a down a down a down
Went oer yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood bold to Little John,
"We have shot for many a pound."
Hey down, a down, a down.

2. "But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
My broad arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me."

3. Now Robin he is to fair Kirkly gone,
As fast as he can win;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

4. And when he came to fair Kirkly-hall,
He knockd all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
For to let bold Robin in.

5. "Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin," she said,
"And drink some beer with me?"
"No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee."

6. "Well, I have a room, cousin Robin," she said,
"Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be."

7. She took him by the lily-white hand,
And led him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
While one drop of blood would run down.

8. She blooded him in a vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room;
Then did he bleed all the live-long day,
Until the next day at noon.

9. He then bethought him of a casement there,
Thinking for to get down;
But was so weak he could not leap,
He could not get him down.

10. He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his knee;
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

11. Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under a tree,
"I fear my master is now near dead,
He blows so wearily."

12. Then Little John to fair Kirkly is gone,
As fast as he can dree;
But when he came to Kirkly-hall,
He broke locks two or three:

13. Until he came bold Robin to see,
Then he fell on his knee;
"A boon, a boon," cries Little John,
"Master, I beg of thee."

14. "What is that boon," said Robin Hood,
"Little John, [thou] begs of me?"
"It is to burn fair Kirkly-hall,
And all their nunnery."

15. "Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin Hood,
"That boon I 'll not grant thee;
I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor men in woman's company.

16. "I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at mine end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I 'll let flee
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digged be.

17. "Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet;
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

18. "Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head;
That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood."

19. These words they readily granted him,
Which did bold Robin please:
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Within the fair Kirkleys.

## ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THE WIDOW'S THREE SONS

1. THERE are twelve months in all the year
As I hear many men say,
But the merriest month in all the year.
Is the merry month of May.

2. Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a day,
And there he met a silly old woman,
Was weeping on the way.

3. "What news? what news, thou silly old woman?
What news hast thou for me?"
Said she, "There 's three squires in Nottingham town
To-day is condemned to die."

4. "O have they parishes burnt?" he said,
"Or have they ministers slain?
Or have they robbed any virgin,
Or with other men's wives have lain?"

5. "They have no parishes burnt, good sir,
Nor yet have ministers slain,
Nor have they robbed any virgin,
Nor with other men's wives have lain."

6. "O what have they done?" said bold Robin Hood,
"I pray thee tell to me":
"It 's for slaying of the king's fallow deer,
Bearing their long bows with thee."

7. "Dost thou not mind, old woman," he said,
"Since thou made me sup and dine?
By the truth of my body," quoth bold Robin Hood,
"You could not tell it in better time."

8. Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a day,

And there he met with a silly old palmer,
Was walking along the highway.

9. "What news? what news, thou silly old man?
What news, I do thee pray?"
Said he, "Three squires in Nottingham town
Are condemnd to die this day."

10. "Come change thy apparel with me, old man,
Come change thy apparel for mine;
Here is forty shillings in good silver,
Go drink it in beer or wine."

11. "O thine apparel is good," he said,
"And mine is ragged and torn;
Whereever you go, wherever you ride,
Laugh neer an old man to scorn."

12. "Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,
Come change thy apparel with mine;
Here are twenty pieces of good broad gold,
Go feast thy brethern with wine."

13. Then he put on the old man's hat,
It stood full high on the crown:
"The first bold bargain that I come at,
It shall make thee come down."

14. Then he put on the old man's cloak,
Was patchd black, blew, and red;
He thought no shame all the day long
To wear the bags of bread.

15. Then he put on the old man's breeks,
Was patchd from ballup to side;
"By the truth of my body," bold Robin can say,
"This man lovd little pride."

16. Then he put on the old man's hose,
Were patched from knee to wrist;
"By the truth of my body," said bold Robin Hood,
"I'd laugh if I had any list."

17. Then he put on the old man's shoes,
Were patched both beneath and aboon;
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,
"It's good habit that makes a man."

18. Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a down,
And there he met with the proud sheriff,
Was walking along the town.

19. "O save, O save, O sheriff," he said,
"O save, and you may see!
And what will you give to a silly old man
To-day will your hangman be?"

20. "Some suits, some suits," the sheriff he said,
"Some suits I'll give to thee;
Some suits, some suits, and pence thirteen
To-day's a hangman's fee."

21. Then Robin he turns him round about,
And jumps from stock to stone;
"By the truth of my body," the sheriff he said,
"That's well jumpt, thou nimble old man."

22. "I was neer a hangman in all my life,
Nor yet intends to trade;
But curst be he," said bold Robin,
"That first a hangman was made.

23. "I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
And a bag for barley and corn;
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my little small horn.

24. "I have a horn in my pocket,
I got it from Robin Hood,
And still when I set it to my mouth,
For thee it blows little good."

26. "O wind thy horn, thou proud fellow,
Of thee I have no doubt;
I wish that thou give such a blast
Till both thy eyes fall out."

26. The first loud blast that he did blow,
He blew both loud and shrill;
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's men
Came riding over the hill.

27. The next loud blast that he did give,
He blew both loud and amain,
And quickly sixty of Robin Hood's men
Came shining over the plain.

28. "O who are yon," the sheriff he said,
"Come tripping over the lee?"
"The're my attendants," brave Robin did say,
"They'll pay a visit to thee."

29. They took the gallows from the slack,
They set it in the glen,
They hangd the proud sheriff on that,
Releasd their own three men.

# NOTES

## THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY

THE text is that printed by Child (I, 100) from Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. There are eleven versions of this ballad, which is otherwise known as *Earl Brand* or *Earl o' Bran*, *Lord Douglas*, *Lady Margaret*, *The Child of Ell*. Child marks this ballad as preserving "most of the incidents of a very ancient story with a faithfulness unequalled by any ballad that has been recovered from English oral tradition." The most primitive form is Scandinavian and runs briefly as follows: Ribold, a king's son, wins secretly the love of Guldborg. He promises to carry her to a land of perpetual happiness if she can escape from her family and her betrothed. She disguises herself in Ribold's armor and they proceed safely until they meet an earl who challenges Ribold, "Whither away with your stolen maid?" Ribold swears that it is his sister, and then tries to bribe the earl to silence; but to no avail. Guldborg's father is warned of their flight, and her kinsmen start in pursuit. When they overtake them Ribold dismounts, bids Guldborg hold his horse and, whatever happens, not call him by name: "Though thou see me bleed, name me not to death; though thou see me fall, name me not at all." He kills all his pursuers, but when he comes to the youngest brother Guldborg's agony calls upon Ribold to spare him to bear the tidings back to her mother. As soon as his name is spoken, Ribold receives his death wound. Sheathing his sword, he offers Guldborg the opportunity of going back to her mother. But she chooses to follow her "heart's dearest man." And when she questions his silence as they ride together through the wood, he only replies, "Thy brother's sword has been in my heart."

They reach Ribold's house at night, and before morning Ribold is dead. In our version, —

> Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
> Lady Margret lang ere day.

In others, Guldborg slays herself and dies in Ribold's arms. *The Douglas Tragedy* begins with the exhortation of Lady Margret's mother to her husband and sons to pursue the lovers. The scene of the fight is particularly well preserved here; but the incident of the "dead-naming" (cf. above, "Though thou see me bleed," etc.) is wholly lost. The penalty of naming the hero in a crisis appears in many Scandinavian traditions; and Whittier's *Kallundborg Church* retells such a "wild tale of the North."

"The ballad of *The Douglas Tragedy* is one of the few to which popular tradition has ascribed complete locality. The farm of Blackhouse, in Selkirkshire, is said to have been the scene of this melancholy event. There are the remains of a very ancient tower, adjacent to the farmhouse, in a wild and solitary glen, upon a torrent named Douglas burn, which joins the Yarrow after passing a craggy rock called the Douglas craig. . . . From this ancient tower Lady Margaret is said to have been carried by her lover. Seven large stones, erected upon the neighboring heights of Blackhouse, are shown as marking the spot where the seven brethren were slain; and the Douglas burn is averred to have been the stream at which the lovers stopped to drink: so minute is tradition in ascertaining the scene of a tragical tale, which, considering the rude state of former times, had probably foundation in some real event." — Scott.

19. *And they twa met*, etc.: "The beautiful fancy of plants springing from the graves of star-crossed lovers, and signifying by the intertwining of stems or leaves, or in other analogous ways, that an earthly passion has not been extinguished by death, presents itself, as is well known, very frequently in popular poetry. Though the graves be made far apart, even on opposite sides of the church, or one to

the north and one to the south outside of the church, or one without kirk wall and one in choir, however separated, the vines or trees seek one another out, and mingle their branches or their foliage."— Child. Cf. *Lord Thomas and Fair Annet* in this collection, or *Fair Margaret and Sweet William*, *Fair Janet*, *Prince Robert*, and *Lord Lovel* in Sargent and Kittredge, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*.

20. *St. Mary's Loch:* really a widening of the Yarrow in Selkirkshire. Wordsworth's lines in *Yarrow Unvisited*, come at once to mind: —

> The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
> Float double, swan and shadow.

## THE TWA SISTERS

The text is that printed by Child (I, 127) from the Jamieson-Brown MS. (there are three sets of the ballads recited by Mrs. Brown, known from the names of their owners as the Jamieson-Brown MS., the William Tytler-Brown MS., and the Alexander Fraser Tytler-Brown MS.) excepting that Scott's refrain, "Binnorie, O Binnorie" is introduced as being more melodious and less confusing than Mrs. Brown's, which runs as follows: —

> There was twa sisters in a bowr,
> Edinburgh, Edinburgh.
> There was twa sisters in a bowr,
> Stirling for ay.
> There was twa sisters in a bowr,
> There came a knight to be their wooer.
> Bonny Saint Johnston stands upon Tay.

There are twenty-seven versions of this ballad, and it is known by many other titles, as: *The Miller and the King's Daughter*, *The Cruel Sister*, *The Bonnie Milldams of Binnorie*, *The Bonny Bows o London*, *The Miller's Melody*. This ballad was very early in print, a broadside

copy having been published in 1656. Child affirms that versions of it are still alive as tradition in the British Isles, "generally traced to some old nurse, who sang them to the young ladies." It was a popular ballad also among the Scandinavians, all of whose versions end with the taking of the harp to the wedding of the elder sister and the betrothed of the drowned maiden. Most of the English versions are imperfect at the end and none of them give this wedding scene. In all of them some part of the maiden's body is taken for the making of the harp, or viol, or fiddle. This is suggested in our version with delicacy and beauty; but in others the idea deteriorated into a grotesque treatment. Cf. from *The Miller and the King's Daughter* (Child, I, 126):—

What did he doe with her brest-bone?
He made him a violl to play thereupon.

What did he doe with her fingers so small?
He made him peggs to his violl withall.

What did he doe with her nose-ridge?
Unto his violl he made him a bridge.

What did he doe with her veynes so blew?
He made him strings to his violl thereto.

What did he doe with her eyes so bright?
Upon his violl he played at first sight.

What did he doe with her tongue so rough?
Unto the violl it spoke enough.

What did he doe with her two shinnes?
Unto the violl they danc'd Moll Syms.

## THE CRUEL BROTHER

The text is that printed by Child (I, 145) from Alexander Fraser Tytler's Brown MS. There are fifteen versions of the ballad, which is also known as *The Three Knights* and *Fine Flowers of the Valley*. Child quotes Aytoun's

remark, that "this is, perhaps, the most popular of all Scottish ballads, being commonly recited and sung even at the present day (1858)." In all versions the story turns upon the lady's forgetting to get the consent of her brother to her marriage,— an unpardonable sin in ballad literature. Equally characteristic of ballad plots is the peculiar testament she makes, leaving all good to those she loves, and all evil to the author of her death. Cf. the following ballad, *Edward*, and *Lord Randal* (Child, I, 157). In *Fine Flowers of the Valley* (Aytoun's version) the bequest to the brother is still more vindictive: —

> "And what will you leave to your brother John?"
> (Fine flowers i' the valley;)
> "The gates o' hell to let him in,"
> (Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.)

Gummere in his discussion of the connection between ballads, singing, and dancing in early days (*Old English Ballads*, lxxxi, lxxxii), speaks of the game of ball (cf. l. 1 of *The Cruel Brother*) which often accompanied the dancing. "The German Neidhart," he says, "who has so much to say about peasants' dancing, mentions a gay-colored ball, seemingly as part of the outfit." He quotes also from Böhme: "In the dance, our oldest epic poems, — narrative folk-songs, — were sung, and the dance was the cause of their making; *the dance, and the game of ball that went with it, gave to these poems the name of ballad.*"

21. *The silver-shode steed:* ballad steeds were commonly shod and caparisoned with silver and gold. Cf. *Lord Thomas and Fair Annet*, stanza 16; *Thomas Rymer*, stanza 2; *Young Waters*, stanza 4; *The Lass of Rock Royal*, stanza 4.

28. *rive his hair:* cf. *Bonnie George Campbell*, stanza 3.

## EDWARD

The text is that printed by Child (I, 169) from Percy's *Reliques*. There are three versions, one only a fragment, by

the same title. Professor Child says: "The affectedly antique spelling in Percy's copy has given rise to vague suspicions concerning the authenticity of the ballad, or of the language; but as spelling will not make an old ballad, so it will not unmake one. We have, but do not need, the later traditional copy (Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*) to prove the other genuine. *Edward* is not only unimpeachable, but has ever been regarded as one of the noblest and most sterling specimens of the popular ballad." Professor Gummere, on this point, writes (*The Popular Ballad*, 171): "'Edward,' which the latest editor of the 'Minstrelsy' calls a 'doctored' ballad, with its hint to Heinrich Heine for one of the finest verses in the 'Two Grenadiers,' with its slow, strong movement, its effective repetition, its alternating refrain of simple vocatives, may be doctored; but would that its physician could be found!" There is an exact counterpart of this ballad of "tragedy of kin" in Swedish, other versions in Danish and Finnish, and all in the dialogue form between mother and son. But the last stanza of *Edward* contains the only suggestion that the mother was implicated in the guilt of the murder, — a touch which adds vastly to the pathos of the ballad. The fragmentary version (MS. of Alexander Laing, 1829; Child, I, 170) contains the only reference to the original quarrel: —

> "O what did the fray begin about?
> My son, come tell to me:"
> "It began about the breaking o the bonny hazel wand
> And a penny wad hae bought the tree."

*Edward* furnishes an unusually convincing illustration of the chief structural feature of the popular ballad, — simple repetition with incremental changes that slowly but surely advance the story; of its chief choral feature, — the singable refrain; and of one of its inherited epic features, — dialogue. See Introduction, p. xvi ff.

## BABYLON; OR, THE BONNIE BANKS O FORDIE

The text is that printed by Child (I, 173) from Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*. There are six versions, otherwise known as *The Banishd Man* and *The Duke of Perth's Three Daughters*. There are traditional versions of *Babylon* among all the Scandinavian people, some of which have not yet found their way into print. The tragedy in the Danish version is of a deeper dye, from the fact that the robbers there appear to the three ladies, not when they are pulling a forbidden flower, — which was always sure to call up the dæmon of the place (cf. *Tam Lin*, Child, I, 340), — but when they are on their way to church to make up at high mass for having overslept their matins. Professor Gummere (*The Popular Ballad*, 111 ff., 336) cites this as the best example of the "situation ballad." "Here," he says, "the situation retains its sovereignty, and keeps the ballad brief, abrupt, springing and pausing, full of incremental repetition, and mainly in dialogue form. Pages of description cannot take the place of the ballad itself. . . . That the situation is fairly explosive in its tragic outcome must not blind us to the fact that it is a situation. Who the three ladies were, why the brother was banished, all the essentials of a narrative, in short, are wanting. Maupassant in his kind of art, the Icelandic saga in its kind of art, would have worked all this out. The longer romantic ballad itself would have come to terms, however briefly and awkwardly, with persons, place, time. Here no persons are described; as merely 'a banished man,' the hero's name is indifferent; the place is a fortuitous and meaningless part of the refrain; the time is vague. . . . Its art, like the art of painting, of sculpture, lies in the moment and in the moment's scope. . . . To accent this impression one has only to contrast with 'Babylon' a purely narrative ballad of the best type, say 'Robin Hood and the Monk' or 'Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne.' . . . One gets not even a motive, not a shred of fact, for solution of this tragedy; take it or leave it, — but the situation is the thing. A light-

ning flash reveals it, and the dark straightway swallows it up; who can study poses, faces, expressions, anything but the group and that swift climax of a merely hinted complication?"

## HINDHORN

The text is that printed by Child (I, 201) from Motherwell's MS. There are nine versions of the ballad, which is variously known as *Young Hyndhorn*, *Young Hyn Horn*, *Hynd Horn*, *Lowran Castle or the Wild Boar of Curridoo*. A complete copy of this ballad was first given in 1827 (Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*). The ballad gives only the catastrophe of a story to be found in full in the *Gest of King Horn*, thirteenth century; in a French romance, *Horn et Rymenhild*, fourteenth century; and in *Horn Childe and Maiden Rimnild*, English, and also of the fourteenth century. Many of the incidents of the story occur in Scandinavian, German, and Swiss tradition; and the part played by the ring is duplicated in one of Boccaccio's tales in the *Decameron*, in a popular Greek ballad, and in a Russian romance. This merely proves how certain ballad incidents, such as the "recognition" incident and the "test" incident (here, the transformation of the ring), are part of the world's common literary possessions, and, drifting about, find a resting-place here and there in various settings. The whole is a splendid example of a ballad-comedy, in which poetic justice brings happiness out of a seemingly hopeless tragic confusion. Although this is distinctly a ballad of situation, it is interesting to compare it with *Babylon* and note how much more it contains of introduction, explanation, and incident.

3. *seven living lavrocks*: possibly these birds were to tell Horn what happened in his absence. Cf. with the agency of the birds in *The Gay Goss-Hawk*, *Johnie Cock*, and *Young Hunting* (Child, II, 144).

8. "*What news, what news?*" etc.: Child suggests that these stanzas (8–16) may have been borrowed from some

Robin Hood ballad. Cf. *Robin Hood Rescuing the Widow's Three Sons*, stanzas 9–18.

13. *Will you lend me your wig o hair?* etc.: since the ballad heroes and heroines are always fair-haired, Hind Horn finds a dark wig sufficient disguise.

17. *The bride came down*, etc.: the dramatic touch of her coming in person is pointed more sharply in another version (in Motherwell's MS. as taken down from the singing of a servant): —

> The news unto the bonnie bride came
> That at the yett there stands an auld man.
>
> "There stands an auld man at the king's gate;
> He asketh a drink for Young Hyn Horn's sake."
>
> "I 'll go through nine fires so hot,
> But I 'll give him a drink for young Hyn Horn's sake."
>
> She gave him a drink out of her own hand;
> He drank out the drink and he dropt in the ring.

## LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET

The text is that printed by Child (II, 182) from Percy's *Reliques*, "with some corrections from a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland." There are ten versions of the ballad (two having been learned in America from Irish maid servants in Cambridge and Taunton, Massachusetts), which is otherwise known as *The Nut-Brown Maid, The Brown Bride and Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor, Sweet Willie and Fair Annie.* Similar ballads in French, Italian, and Norse testify to the general love and appreciation of the story. Child speaks of it as "one of the most beautiful of our ballads, and indeed of all ballads."

1. *They had not talkt their fill:* another version (Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*) says: —

> And though they had sitten seven years,
> They neer wad had their fill.

3. *Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife*, etc.: the version in the Gibb MS. represents Annie as not so spirited in her answer: —

Thick, thick lie your lands, Willie,
And thin, thin lie mine;
An little wad a' your friends think
O sic a kin as mine.

And in still another version (Skene MS.) more sorrow and less haste is shown by Lord Thomas: —

Willie is hame to his bower,
To his book all alane,
And fair Annie is to her bower,
To her book and her seam.

4. *O rede, mither*, etc.: an interesting account of the parts played by the mother and the mother-in-law in ballad literature may be found in Gummere, *The Popular Ballad*, 171 ff.

8. *a fat fadge by the fyre:* an alliteration quite unusual in ballad verse. If one is out of patience with the fickleness of Lord Thomas, he may read the other versions (Child, II, 182–199), in many of which he pleads, "O fair is Annie's face" and "white is Annie's hand" and,

"Sheep will die in cots, mither,
And owsen die in byre;
And what 's this world's wealth to me
An I get na my heart's desire?"
— Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*.

10. "*I'se rede ye tak Fair Annet*," etc.: although we are supposed never to look behind the scenes in ballads, and to expect nothing so little as suggestion, yet we can hardly help surmising something of the history of this woman who pleads for love for love's sake. As if it were not even a debatable question, another version (Kinloch MSS.) reads bluntly: —

Out and spak his sister Jane,
Where she sat be the fire:
"What's the metter, brother Willie?
Taek ye your heart's desire."

11. *No, I will tak*, etc.: an instance of the sudden turn a ballad sometimes takes without any trace of the process of the actor's mind.

12. *Up then rose fair Annet's father:* in the version last quoted Lord Thomas has the grace to break the news to Annie himself, considerately allowing that it is "gey sad news" to her. And in still another (Motherwell MS.) where he sends a messenger to Annie he evidently fears that the sight of her at his wedding in her usual dainty garments would be too much for him, for he forbids her to put on her silks "so black," "so brown," "so green," or "so gray,"

> But she must put on her suddled silks,
> That she wears every day.

But Annie's decision is invariably to go shining "like onie queen." And in addition to the preparations described here, in the version of the Kinloch MSS.: —

> She 's orderd the smiths to the smithy,
> To shoe her a riding steed;
> She has orderd the tailors to her bouer,
> To dress her a riding weed.

The gold, silver, and fine linen which Annie's poverty seem able to command are only an instance of ballad inconsistency.

19. *skinkled:* a delightful bit of word coining.

21. *Lord Thomas he clean forgat*, etc.: another version (Motherwell's MS.) says that the result of his emotion was that, —

> The buttons on Lord Thomas' coat
> Brusted and brak in twa.

23. *Up than spak the nut-browne bride*, etc.: in several other versions it is Annie who gives the first thrust, as in the last quoted, —

> "Brown, brown is your steed," she says,
> But browner is your bride;
> But gallant is that handkerchy
> That hideth her din hide."

26. *wood-wroth:* madly wroth.

29. *Lord Thomas was buried*, etc.: in one of the American versions he gave the directions: —

> "Bury my mother at my head,
> Fair Ellenor by my side,
> And bury the bonny brown girl at the end of the church
> Where she will be far from me."

And the same version ends: —

> They grew so tall, they sprung so brood,
> They grew to a steeple top;
> Twelve o'clock every night
> They grew to a true lover's knot.

## LOVE GREGOR

The text is that printed by Child (II, 221) from Alexander Fraser Tytler's Brown MS. There are thirteen versions of the ballad, which is otherwise known as *Fair Isabell of Rochroyall*, *The Bonny Lass of Lochroyan*, *Lord Gregory*, *Fair Anny*, and *The Lass of Aughrim*. In one version (Child, II, 215) we have a chain of preliminary episodes in which Annie dreams of her lover, dresses herself like a princess to go and find him, is directed to his castle by three robbers (?), and there meets with the reception from his mother that is described in the version here printed. A break, then, where some stanzas are probably lost, leaves us to conclude that she goes home and broods upon her desertion. Then the story continues with the opening questions of our version. This form affords a good example of the ballad of two situations (see Gummere, *The Popular Ballad*, 90), which, while it is perfectly coherent, teases us by being a "continued story" instead of the single dramatic climax of a chain of incidents, which we may conjecture if we like but with which we expect the ballad to concern itself not at all.

1. *O wha will shoe my fu fair foot*, etc.: in another version (Herd's MS.) the mother's anxiety is all for her

little son, and the "my" of the first two stanzas becomes "thy."

4. *And the king of heaven*, etc.: seldom does the incremental repetition of the ballad bring itself to so rich a climax.

6. *a bonny boat:* how bonny is told in another version (Herd's MS.):

> Then she 's gart build a bonny ship,
> It 's a' cored oer with pearl,
> And at every needle-tack was in,
> There hung a siller bell.

But when the mother turns her away she says: —

> "Take down, take down that mast o gould,
> Set up a mast of tree;
> For it dinna become a forsaken lady
> To sail so royallie."

10. *Awa, awa, ye ill woman:* this is, of course, the voice of Love Gregor's mother.

11. *Rough Royal:* Child says, "Roch- or Rough-Royal . . . I have not found; but there is a Rough Castle in Stirlingshire."

14. *O yours was good*, etc.: Annie is not so gentle in other versions. In *Fair Isabell of Rochroyall* (Child, II, 215) she says: —

> "Mine was of the massy gold,
> And thine was of the tin;
> Mine was true and trusty both,
> And thine was false within."

And here also further love-tokens seem to have been exchanged, Annie always getting the little end of the bargain: —

> "Have you not mind, Love Gregory,
> Since we sat at the wine,
> We changed the smocks off our two backs,
> And ay the worst fell mine?
>
> "Mine was of the holland fine,
> And thine was coarse and thin;
> So mony blocks have we two made,
> And ay the worst was mine."

21. *O he has gone down*, etc.: in other versions he saddles his steed to ride after Annie, but meets her dead body being carried to the church; he rips open the winding sheet with his penknife, kisses her on cheek, chin, and lips until he knows she is dead, then stabs himself.

25. *Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet:* in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads* (Child, II, 220) he is more desperate and more heroic: —

He saw his young son in her arms,
Baith tossed aboon the tide;
He wrang his hands, than fast he ran,
An plung'd i the sea sae wide.

He catchd her by the yallow hair,
An drew her to the strand,
But cauld an stiff was every limb
Before he reachd the land.

28. *O wae betide*, etc.: this last stanza is disappointing; that of the version last quoted satisfies poetic justice better: —

O he has mourned oer Fair Anny
Till the sun was going down,
Then wi a sigh his heart it brast,
An his soul to heaven has flown.

## BONNY BARBARA ALLAN

The text is that printed by Child (II, 276) from Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*. There are three versions of this ballad, which is also known as *Barbara Allen's Cruelty* and *Barbara Allan*. Child quotes (II, 276) an entry in Pepys' *Diary* speaking of his "perfect pleasure" in the "little Scotch Song"; and Goldsmith's testimony (third essay, 1765) that a dairy maid once sang him "into tears" with this song. We recall, also, in *The Vicar of Wakefield:* "These harmless people had several ways of being good company; while one played the pipes, another would sing some soothing ballad, 'Johnny Armstrong's Last Goodnight'

or 'The Cruelty of Barbara Allen.'" Its lyric element is so strong that Child speaks of it as "a ballad or song;" and Gummere (*The Popular Ballad*, p. 116) says: "This lyric impulse really creates a third class of ballads, just halting and trembling on the border of pure song. Here belong 'Barbara Allan' and 'Lady Alice.'" The latter, which is a shadow of the former, may be found in Child, II, 279. The story is unusual in that it tells of a double fickleness. It suggests Burns's *Duncan Grey*, which, however, taking a whimsical view of the situation, could hardly sing one "into tears."

1. *Martinmas time:* cf. note on *The Wife of Usher's Well;* a much more appropriate time for the gray sorrow of the story than the setting of another version (*Roxburghe Ballads*): —

> All in the merry month of May,
> When green leaves they was springing.

9. *O, mother, mother*, etc.: before this stanza the version just quoted inserts: —

> She turnd herself round about,
> And she spy'd the corps a coming:
> "Lay down, lay down the corps of clay,
> That I may look upon him."
>
> And all the while she looked on,
> So loudly she lay laughing,
> While all her friends cryd [out] amain,
> "Unworthy Barbara Allen!"

## LAMKIN

The text is that printed by Child (II, 321) from Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*. There are twenty-six versions, some mere fragments, in which the hero's name appears variously as Lamkin, Linkin, Lamerkin, Lamerlinkin, Lankyn, Lonkin, Lammikin, Lambkin, and even Rankin. But the story in all the versions is the same, — the revenge of the unpaid mason, — with varying degrees of cruelty.

1. *payment got he none:* Child (II, 321) quotes from

Motherwell: "Indeed, it seems questionable how some Scottish lairds could well afford to get themselves seated in the large castles they once occupied unless they occasionally treated the mason after the fashion adopted in this ballad."

5. *Bade his lady*, etc.: as if he feared that Lamkin's threat would be carried out.

7. *shot-window:* sometimes a bow-window, sometimes a window turning outward and upward upon an upper horizontal hinge. In some versions the nurse does not let Lamkin in, but he finds for himself a "sma peep" or a "wee hole" or "one little window that was forgot," although the lord warned his lady not to leave a hole even "for a mouse to creep in."

8. *that ca me Lamkin:* his contemptuous tone would seem to imply that he did not relish the nickname that jeered at his tame submission to his lord's tyranny. In truth, to be called "Lamkin" might stir up any man to revenge.

11. *but we soon can bring her down:* the torturing of the child is designed to bring the mother upon the scene where her own doom awaits her.

12. *a deep wound and a sair:* other versions, equally distressing but less tragic, tell that the child is only pinched or pricked with a pin.

16. *O still him wi the wand*, etc.: from the different versions we get a curious list of playthings that the mother suggests — wand, bell, keys, apples, pears, ring, kame, knife. But the nurse's answer invariably is: —

> "He winna still, lady,
> till ye come down yoursel."

18. *O the firsten step she steppit*, etc.: in one version (Motherwell's MS.) an interesting bit of ballad magic precedes this stanza: —

> "It 's how can I come down,
> this cauld winter nicht,
> Without eer a coal,
> or a clear candle-licht?"

"There 's two smocks in your coffer,
as white as a swan;
Put one of them about you,
it will shew you licht down."

The light reveals her clearly to Lamkin, and after he has cut off her head, —

. . . he hung 't up in the kitchen,
it made a' the ha shine.

23. *dowie, dowie was his heart*, etc.: many points in the situation recall the return of Macduff after the murder of his wife and children. Cf. *Macbeth*, IV, ii. In the version just quoted Lord Wearie has a sign of the tragedy: —

"I wish a' may be weel
with my lady at hame;
For the rings of my fingers
the're now burst in twain!"

26. *O sweetly sang the black-bird*, etc.: this touch of serene nature as a foil to set off the blackness of death is almost modern. It is cause for rejoicing to find that, according to one of the versions in Motherwell's MS., Lord Wearie lures the mason and the nurse to him after the manner of their own cunning: —

He sent for the false nurse,
to give her her fee;
All the fee that he gave her
was to hang her on a tree.

He sent for Lamerlinkin,
to give him his hire;
All the hire that he gave him
Was to burn him in the fire.

## YOUNG WATERS

The text is that printed by Child (II, 343) from Percy's *Reliques*, 1765. This is the only traditional version of the ballad. Motherwell frankly said that he could find no other. Buchan produced a version of thirty-nine stanzas, in which,

says Child, everything that is not in this version "is a counterfeit of the lowest description." It was suggested by Aytoun that the story was actually connected with Scottish history, young Waters possibly being one of the nobles put to death by James I upon his return from England. Percy himself says: "It has been suggested to the editor that this ballad covertly alludes to the indiscreet partiality which Queen Anne of Denmark is said to have shown for the bonny Earl of Murray; and which is supposed to have influenced the fate of that unhappy nobleman."

2. *round tables:* the student here has his choice of two interpretations. The "round tables" was a name for a game akin to backgammon; and in the reign of Henry III the joust was often called "the round table game" because the knights who jousted together ate at a round table, which prevented all distinction of rank in the seating.

4. *siller-shod behind:* cf. *Lord Thomas and Fair Annet*, stanza 16.

6. *lord, and I've sene laird:* lord is the modern title; laird means merely a landowner.

8. *You're neither laird*, etc.: a deft reply that is in striking contrast to many a blunt ballad answer in a delicate position.

11. *Stirling:* a favorite residence of the Scottish sovereigns, on the river Forth. These two stanzas, the eleventh and twelfth, are among the most effective death laments in all balladry.

13. *heiding-hill:* a place of execution still called the "Heading Hill."

## THE GAY GOSS-HAWK

The text is that printed by Child (II, 357) from the Jamieson-Brown MS. There are eight versions of the ballad, otherwise known as *The Jolly Goshawk* and *The Scottish Squire*. There are points of similarity between this and a French ballad in which the maid Isambourg, doomed to

marry a husband of the king's choosing, plans with her lover to feign death and be carried to burial, from which he shall deliver her. This was printed in 1607, and the first appearance of the English ballad in print was in 1802. A number of continental ballads contain the two incidents of the girl's feigning death and of the birds carrying the message. In *Willie's Lyke-Wake* (Child, I, 250) we have a reversal of the situation, a man feigning death in order to capture his maiden when she comes to the wake. For other instances of birds who give information, see *Young Hunting* (Child, II, 144), *Johnie Cock*, and recall the possible purpose of the sending of the "seven living lavrocks" in *Hindhorn*. The substitution of a parrot in one version, Buchan's, says Child, "testifies to the advances made by reason among the humblest in the later generations." Buchan's belief was that a parrot was a "far more likely messenger to carry a love-letter." True, but such cold reason is death to a ballad.

3. *O well sal ye my true-love ken:* the directions are somewhat indefinite, since others' taste may not coincide with that of the prejudiced lover.

13. *Ye bid him bake*, etc: in another version (Motherwell's MS.) she sends pledges of love along with her spirited orders: —

> "I send him the rings from my white fingers,
> The garlands off my hair;
> I send him the heart that 's in my breast:
> What would my love have mair?
> And at the fourth kirk in fair Scotland,
> Ye 'll bid him meet me there."

14. *She 's doen her to her father dear:* the version just quoted has here a long line of stanzas in which, with incremental repetition, she exacts similar promises from her mother, her sister, and seven brothers. Then an auld witch wife, as the maiden drops down dead, tries a test: —

> Says, Drap the hot lead on her cheek,
> And drop it on her chin,
> And drop it on her rose-red lips,
> And she will speak again:

For much a lady young will do,
To her true-love to win.

They draped the het lead on her cheek,
So did they on her chin;
They drapt it on her red-rose lips,
But they breathed none again.

23. *The tither o needle wark:* in Scott's version,

And every steek that they pat in
Sewd to a siller bell.

26. *Wi cherry cheeks*, etc.: in some versions three kisses from her lover, in true fairy-story style, bring her to life.

28. *sound your horn:* a triumphant taunt, equivalent to "you may go blow your whistle."

## THE THREE RAVENS *and* THE TWA CORBIES

The text of the first is that printed by Child (I, 254) from Melismata, *Musicall Phansies*, London, 1611; the second (Child, I, 253) from Scott's *Minstrelsy*, where it was first printed. It is interesting to read the two ballads together, and a comparison is sure to rouse new admiration for the less known but more deserving *The Three Ravens*. Some critics consider *The Twa Corbies* a traditional form of *The Three Ravens*. Scott, however, calls it "a counterpart rather than a copy"; Child says it sounds like a "cynical variation of the tender little English ballad"; Gummere (*Old English Ballads*, 336) mentions it as a possible parody, and (*The Popular Ballad*, 197) as a "cynical pendant." *The Twa Corbies* presents one of the typical bad wives of the ballad, which we see at their worst in *The Baron of Brackley* (Child, IV, 84); while *The Three Ravens* is unequalled in tenderness and beauty as a song of ballad true love at its best.

## SIR PATRICK SPENCE

The text is that printed by Child (II, 17) from Percy's *Reliques*. There are eighteen versions of the ballad (some

of them fragments), which is known by such other titles as *Sir Andro Wood*, *Skipper Patrick*, *Earl Patrick Spensse*, *Earl Patrick Graham*. *Sir Patrick Spence* was first given to the world through Percy's *Reliques*, 1765, and this version, although one of the shortest, is poetically more perfect and impressive than the longer versions full of detail and circumstance. The ballad has a convincing note of historical reality, and it bears out fairly well the story of the marriage of Margaret, daughter of Alexander III, who was married to Eric, King of Norway, in 1281, and conducted thither to her husband by a retinue of knights and nobles, all of whom perished on the voyage home. Child, however, does not feel compelled to regard the ballad as historical, and points out (II, 19) that a strict accordance with fact would be almost a ground of suspicion, since "ballad singers and their hearers would be as indifferent to the facts as readers of ballads are now." Cf. also T. F. Henderson on the ballad in his *History of Scottish Vernacular Literature*. Writing of the objective note in ballads, Gummere (*The Popular Ballad*, 333) says, "Eleven stanzas . . . tell without a trope, without conscious turn of phrase, without a suggestion of the wider world or of times past and to come, but in their own conventional leap-and-linger style, the story of 'Sir Patrick Spens,' the tragedy of his summons, his journey and his end. This traditional bit of verse, smooth as it has grown, holds to the cumulative and undetached habit of genuine ballad style. From first to last it is at the heart of the action and never attempts to view that action, whether by stuff or by phrase, by figure or by comment, from without. It moves in a straight, if redoubled, line to the end, — the Scots lords lying at Sir Patrick's feet, half over to Aberdour, fifty fathoms under sea." See, also, Introduction, pp. xxvi–xxvii.

1. *Dumferling:* Scott states that this town, about fifteen miles from Edinburgh, was a favorite residence of Alexander III, who is buried in the abbey there.

3. *braid letter:* this may mean an open letter, or as Child points out from an analogous use of the word in other

ballads, a letter so large that it needed to be folded flat and sealed.

3. *Was walking*, etc: a traditional ballad way of omitting the relative.

5. *O wha is this*, etc.: in other versions Sir Patrick speaks with more feeling; as in that of Herd's MSS.: —

"O wha is this has tald the king,
Has tald the king o me?
Gif I but wist the man it war,
Hanged should he be."

But in all versions, like the hero he is, he obeys orders unquestioningly.

5. *time o' the yeir:* the ballad takes nature for granted, even when the terrors of the stormy season are a vital matter. In Motherwell's MS. (Child, II, 23) one may read all the details of the "cauld and watry wind," the "grumly sea," and the salt waves "in at our coat-neck and out at our left arm"; and, reading, be convinced that they are but the artificial touches of conscious composition.

7. *Late late yestreen*, etc.: a touch of folk-lore here, as also in a stanza of warning found in the Harris MS.: —

Then up it raise the mermaiden,
Wi the comb an glass in her hand:
Here 's a health to you, my merrie young men,
For you never will see dry land."

8. *they swam aboone:* the hats were floating about them in the sea.

9. *O lang, lang*, etc.: repetition throughout this ballad is so pervasive as not to escape one's interest. Concerning these two stanzas, Child writes: "It would be hard to point out in ballad poetry, or other, happier and more refined touches than the two stanzas . . . which portray the bootless waiting of the ladies for the return of the seafarers."

11. *half owre to Aberdour:* half way between Aberdour and the coast of Norway lies an island, Papa Stronsay, where is said to lie the grave of Sir Patrick Spence; but, of course, the tradition is questionable. There is no question,

however, as to the ballad-like simplicity and the beauty of the thought, "half way home." One version (Harris MS.) reports bits of wreckage floating home as evidence of the disaster: —

> There was Saturday, an Sabbath day,
> An Monnonday at morn,
> That feather-beds an silken sheets
> Cam floatin to Kinghorn.

*Sir Patrick Spence* is a convincing illustration of Gummere's statement that "Primitive ballads, however inadequate they would seem for our needs, came from men who knew life at its hardest, faced it, accepted it, well aware that a losing fight is at the end of every march."

## THOMAS RYMER AND THE QUEEN OF ELFLAND

The text is that printed by Child (I, 323) from Alexander Fraser Tytler's Brown MS. There are five versions, with one other title, *Thomas the Rhymer*. There is good evidence that Thomas the Rhymer was an actual person, Thomas of Erceldoune, living not far from Melrose in the thirteenth century, and venerated as a prophet and poet. It is said that even in the last century the rustic people in Scotland preserved his sayings in the belief that they were inspired by the fairies, with whom he had lived a few years as a child. A fragmentary poem, *Thomas of Erceldome*, written down probably in the fifteenth century, tells how Thomas acquired his gift from the fairies. This, in turn, refers to an older story of Thomas and the Elf Queen, which is but another version of the romance of Ogier the Dane and Morgan the Fay. In this romance the ballad doubtless had its source; it agrees with it in all essential points, and curiously enough in the particular of Thomas's taking the fairy to be the Virgin. By some authorities this is considered the oldest authenticated specimen of the romantic ballad.

1. *grassy bank:* the Huntly Banks near Erceldoun. On their eastern slope a large stone marks the site of the Eildon

tree where Thomas kissed the fairy. "The Eildon Tree . . . no longer exists; but the spot is marked by a large stone called Eildon Tree Stone." — *Scott.*

2. *Hung fifty silver bells*, etc.: jingling bells were often ascribed to fairies, as in *Tam Lin* (Child, I, 340), stanza 37: —

> About the middle o the night
> She heard the bridles ring;
> This lady was as glad at that
> As any earthly thing.

Cf. also *Lord Thomas and Fair Annet*, stanza 17.

4. After stanza 4 the story is made more complete by reading in these two stanzas from the version in Scott's *Minstrelsy*: —

> "Harp and carp, Thomas," she said,
> "Harp and carp along wi' me:
> And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
> Sure of your body I will be."
>
> "Betide me weal, betide me woe,
> That weird shall never danton me."
> Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
> All underneath the Eildon Tree.

To kiss a fairy or a ghost always puts the mortals of the ballads into the power of the spirits of darkness. Child says: "In this matter there is pretty much one rule for all 'unco' folk, be they fairies, dwarfs, water sprites, devils, or departed spirits, and, in a limited way, for witches too. Thomas, having kissed the elf queen's lips, must go with her." Cf. *Sweet William's Ghost*, stanza 4.

7. *For forty days*, etc.: Gummere says (*The Popular Ballad*, 329): "The scant notes of true Thomas's journey through the other world are disappointing." But it would be hard to match for suggestiveness this stanza with any other in the ballads, which usually dismiss nature with a word.

9. *O no, O no, True Thomas*, etc.: he who eats of the food of fairyland will never live to return to earth. So the queen has brought with her a loaf and a bottle of wine, for after serving her seven years Thomas must go back as prophet to his people.

13. *lillie leven:* a reminder of Shakespeare's "primrose way to the everlasting bonfire." Cf. *Macbeth*, II, iii.

16. *True Thomas on earth was never seen:* "Popular tradition, as Sir Walter Scott represents, held that, though Thomas was allowed to revisit the earth after a seven-years' sojourn in fairyland, he was under obligation to go back to the elf queen whenever she should summon him. One day while he 'was making merry with his friends in the town of Erceldoune, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighboring forest, and were composedly and slowly parading the street of the village. The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return.' He is, however, expected to come back again at some future time." —*Child.*

## THE WEE WEE MAN

The text is that printed by Child (I, 330) from Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs.* There are seven versions, the only varying title being *The Little Man.* "Singularly enough, there is a poem in eight-line stanzas (cf. Child, I, 333) in a fourteenth century manuscript, which stands in somewhat the same relation to this ballad as the poem of Thomas of Erceldoune does to the ballad of *Thomas Rymer*, but with the important difference that there is no reason for deriving the ballad from the poem in this instance. There seems to have been an intention to make it, like Thomas of Erceldoune, an introduction to a string of prophecies which follows, but no junction has been effected." — *Child.* Among ballads dealing with magic transformations and vanishings, Gummere speaks of *The Wee Wee Man* as a "charming study in miniature."

1. *As I was wa'king all alone:* cf. with the first line of *The Twa Corbies.*

2. *shathmont:* six inches, or the measure from the top of the thumb extended to the opposite extremity of the palm.

2. *span:* one version makes the hero still smaller: —

> Atween his shoulders was ae span,
> About his middle war but three,

and another measurement was: —

> Atween his een a flea might gae.

3. *a meikle stane:* "sax feet in hight," one of the versions has it.

8. *My wee wee man was clean awa:* in other versions it is not the wee, wee man who vanishes alone, but the whole hall with the ladies; in two, the ballad ends with the ladies' singing, "Our wee, wee man has been long awa"; and one ends in still more conventional fairy style, with a beautiful weird touch at the end.

> Pipers were playing, ladies dancing,
> The ladies dancing, jimp and sma;
> At ilka turning o the spring
> The little mon was wearin 's wa. (*growing less and less*)
>
> Out gat the lights, on cam the mist,
> Ladies nor mannie mair coud see.
> I turned about, and gae a look,
> Just at the foot o' Benachie.

## SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST

The text is that printed by Child (II, 230) from Herd's MSS., in which it is a continuation of *Clerk Saunders*, q. v. (Child, II, 158). There are seven versions of this ballad, which is also known as *Marjorie and William* and *Sweet William and May Margaret*. The story has many counterparts among Scandinavian ballads in which, however, the lover returns for the definite purpose of chiding his betrothed for her grieving, which disturbs his repose. Cf. note on *The Wife of Usher's Well;* and *The Unquiet Grave* (Child, II, 236). The tale in its main outlines can be recognized in almost all European literatures, often in ballad form. It is the basis, for example, of Bürger's *Lenore*. Often the lover comes for the maiden herself, as in the "blurred, enfeebled,

and disfigured" *Suffolk Miracle* (Child, V, 58), rather than, as here, to claim simply her troth.

1. *A wat:* I wot; cf. note on *I wot*, in *Young Bicham.*

3. *Till ye come with me*, etc.: she does not understand yet that her lover is dead.

5. *a merry midd-larf:* of doubtful meaning. Scott frankly changed it to "merry midnight." Kittredge, comparing it with "O the young cock crew i the merry Linken" in one version of *The Wife of Usher's Well*, thinks that "midd-larf" may stand for some locality.

6. *Till ye tell me*, etc.: in two other versions (Kinloch, and Ramsay) she makes the condition: —

> Till ye tell me the pleasures o heaven,
> And the pains of hell how they be,

or more simply: —

> Till you take me to yon kirk,
> And wed me with a ring.

9. *straked her troth:* a bit of surviving folk-lore. It is probably akin to the old practice of getting rid of a disease by rubbing the sick part upon a tree or stick. Cf. *The Brown Girl* (Child, V, 167): —

> When she came to her love's bed-side,
> Where he lay dangerous sick,
> She could not for laughing stand
> Upright upon her feet.
>
> She had a white wand in her hand,
> And smoothed it all on his breast;
> "In faith and troth come pardon me,
> I hope your soul 's at rest."

In other versions Margret simply stretches out "her lilly white hand" and gives back her troth. One varies it by

> Then she has taen a silver key,
> Gien him three times on the breast;
> Says, There 's your faith and troth, Willie,
> I hope your soul will rest.

11. *lost the sight of him:* as he sinks into his grave.

The version in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads* has a good touch here: —

O, bonny, bonny sang the bird,
Sat on the coil o hay;
But dowie, dowie was the maid
That followd the corpse o clay.

13. *There is room*, etc.: in five of the seven versions this is denied — "there is na room."

## THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

The text is that printed by Child (II, 238) from Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 1802, as taken down from the recitation of an old woman residing near Kirkhill, in West Lothian. There are four versions, and the ballad is otherwise known as *The Widow-Woman*. In many ballads, particularly in *The Unquiet Grave* (Child, II, 234), we find voiced the popular belief that excessive mourning for the dead interfered with their rest. Thus a brother reappeared to his grieving sister and says, "Every tear that thou sheddest falls on this dark shroud without drying, and every night they still more chill and encumber me"; and a little child begs his mother to stop weeping, for, since he must carry all her tears in a large pitcher, his burden is so great that he cannot play with his comrades in Heaven. Possibly this is the motive of the sons in coming back to their mother, — at least it is the only one that we can conjecture. But, as Child says, "supplying a motive would add nothing to the impressiveness of these verses. Nothing that we have is more profoundly affecting." It is useless to try to define the charm of this ballad; perhaps it lies not only in the appeal of the material, but largely in the restraint of its expression, the words suggesting far more than they actually tell. Especially is this true of the last stanza. Gummere says (*The Popular Ballad*, p. 222) that "traditional verse of any land seldom rises to the height of our best 'supernatural' ballad, 'The Wife of Usher's Well.'"

2. *They hadna been a week*, etc.: the incremental repetition here, in so short a compass, gives an unusually strong effect.

4. *I wish*, etc.: the evil wish is a stock incident in ballads, varying from the simple "and an ill death may he die" (*Johnie Cock*, stanza 10) to the elaborate recital of curses to be found at the end of *Edward* and *The Cruel Brother*. None of them is more solemn, however, than the imprecation here that storms "may never cease."

5. *Martinmass:* the 11th of November.

9. *crew the red, red cock*, etc.: this touch is reminiscent of Scandinavian mythology; the crowing of the cock is often a warning from the other world. Cf. *Sweet William's Ghost*, stanza 5. Cf. also its use in *Matthew* xxvi, 74.

11. *The channerin worm doth chide:* an alliteration that compares in unusualness with that in *Lord Thomas and Fair Annet*, stanza 8, line 4.

## KEMP OWYNE

The text is that printed by Child (I, 309) from Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*. The same version is in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*. There are three versions of the ballad, in one of which the title is varied to *Kempion*. Kemp Owyne is Owain, one of King Arthur's knights, whose history may be read in Malory's *Morte D'Arthur*. The adventure here described, however, does not appear in Malory, but Professor Child says, "It is not perhaps material to explain how Owain, the king's son Urien, happens to be awarded the adventure which here follows. It is enough that his right is as good as that of other knights to whom the same achievement has been assigned. . . . Owain's slaying the fire-drake who was getting the better of the lion may have led to his name becoming associated with the still more gallant exploit of thrice kissing a fire-drake to effect a disenchantment." The closest parallel to the story of the ballad is to be found in an Icelandic saga, in which a young

girl is transformed by her stepmother into a monster with the mane, tail, and hoofs of a horse, and is to be released only by the kiss of a king's son. His ordeal is shorter than Owain's, for he needs only to leap upon her neck, kiss her once, and catch the sword she promises to throw up to him. This undoes the spell, and the two are married at court. Disenchantment by a kiss is common in old tales; the triplication of the kiss here admits the increment and so makes good ballad material. See introduction, p. xxi. One feels, however, that, according to ballad ways, each of the talismans — the belt, the ring, and the brand — should have its own peculiar power instead of the general "drawn shall your blood never be." The kindred ballads, *Allison Gross* and *The Laily Worm and the Machrel of the Sea* should be read with this (Child, I, 313, 315).

2. *Craigy's sea:* probably a slurring of "craig of the sea"; Eastmuir craigs, Scott's version has it.

7. *Here is a royal belt*, etc.: the stanza arrangement from this point to the end of the ballad is unusually interesting, making in stanzas 8 and 10 a refrain of stanza 6 entire, and in stanzas 9 and 11 a perfect repetition of stanza 7, changing only the talisman, — incremental repetition in its simplest form. With a structure like this before us we can clearly see how a ballad grew; and nothing could be easier to remember — or harder to forget — than these singing lines. See Introduction, p. xxii.

## THE DÆMON LOVER

The text is that printed by Child (IV, 367) from Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 1812. There are eight versions of this ballad, otherwise known as *A Warning for Married Women*, *The Distressed Ship-Carpenter*, *James Herris*, *The Carpenter's Wife*, *The Banks of Italy*. The complete title of the first, the best preserved traditional version, sums up the whole story: "A Warning for Married Women, being an example of Mrs. Jane Reynolds (a West-

country woman), born near Plymouth, who, having plighted her troth to a Seaman, was afterwards married to a Carpenter, and at last carried away by a Spirit, the manner how shall be presently recited." From this older, homelier version, Scott's, as here given, has been "improved into some elegance" (Gummere's *Popular Ballad*, 215). The title *Dæmon Lover* allows the hero all the scope he needs to play his magic part in the magic story; he may be first the mourning lover and then the cloven-footed Spirit of Vengeance; he may make his silken-sailed and golden-masted ships, manned by invisible mariners, sail serenely to music or sink into the sea at his stroke upon topmast and foremast; and he may know all about the hills of heaven and the mountains of hell. Granted the tables turned, the woman instead of the man led away under a spell, there is much here to remind us of *Thomas Rymer*, especially stanzas 12, 13, and 14, which in subject-matter parallel 13 and 14 here.

12. *On the banks of Italy:* in another version (Kinloch MSS.) a bit of incremental repetition leads up to the final catastrophe: —

She had na sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Till grim, grim grew his countenance,
And gurly grew the sea.

"O hand your tongue, my dearest dear,
Let all your follies abee;
I'll show you whare the white lillies grow,
In the bottom of the sea."

15. *He strack the top-mast wi his hand:* in Motherwell's MS. version the last stanza reads,

He took her up to the topmast high,
To see what she could see;
He sunk the ship in a flash of fire,
To the bottom of the sea.

And another ending, in a fragment in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, has a magic vanishing at the end that reminds us of the close of *The Wee Wee Man:* —

They had not sailed a mile awa,
Never a mile but four,
When the little wee ship ran round about,
And never was seen more.

## HUGH OF LINCOLN

The text is that printed by Child (III, 243) from Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*. There are twenty-one versions, all known as above, as *Sir Hugh*, or as *The Jew's Daughter*, with the exception of one copy obtained in New York (Newell's *Games and Songs of American Children*), where the boy's name has become Harry Hughes and the Jew's daughter is the Duke's daughter. The story of Hugh of Lincoln is told in the Annals of Waverley, 1255, by a contemporary writer; and it was repeated and enlarged upon by Matthew Paris, also writing contemporaneously. Briefly it is as follows: The Jews of Lincoln crucified there a boy named Hugh. The body when taken from the cross was thrown into the river to escape detection, but the righteous water cast it up upon dry land. Earth also refused to cover it when it was buried, and finally it was thrown into a well. From thence it gave forth so beautiful a light and fragrance that the well attracted crowds, and those who looked in saw the body floating there, its hands and feet pierced and its head circled by a crown of thorns. From these marks the murder was clearly the work of the Jews. Miracles were performed for those who touched the holy body. The part played by the mother in the ballad is carefully told by Paris. The reliability of these chronicles cannot be vouched for. Very likely the whole story was one of those fabrications used by the Christians in the Middle Ages to justify their persecutions of a much-wronged race. Child says (IV, 240): "Of these charges in the mass it may safely be said . . . that they are as credible as the miracles . . . asserted to have been worked by the reliques of the young saint, and as well substantiated as the absurd sacrilege of stabbing, baking, or boiling the Host . . . with which

the Jews have equally been taxed." The ballad should be compared with Chaucer's *Prioress's Tale;* nothing could show more clearly, as Professor Gummere points out (*The Popular Ballad*, 229), the difference between "artless and artistic narrative."

1. *came him:* an old subject-dative, sometimes used with verbs of motion.

5. *For as ye did to my auld father:* his reason in other versions is more boyish, such as, —

> "I canna cum, I darna cum,
> Without my play-feres twa."

7. *She's led him in through ae dark door*, etc.: this stanza and the next are a splendid example of incremental repetition reduced from stanzas to lines.

8. *And first came out the thick, thick blood:* cf. a stanza, describing the bleeding of Robin, in an older version of *Robin Hood's Death* than that printed in this volume: —

> And first it bled the thicke, thicke bloode,
> And afterwards the thinne,
> And well then wist good Robin Hoode
> Treason there was within.

9. *Cake:* case.

9. *Our Lady's draw-well:* this may be a confusion of the story of Hugh with that of the little Christian in Chaucer's tale, where the child thrown into a pit was rescued by the Virgin, for all other versions of the ballad say simply "the Jew's Well." In one version of the ballad the Jew's daughter lays a Bible at the boy's head, and the Prayer Book at his feet before she kills him; in another she leaves the Bible and Testament there after his death; and in still another she placed

> The Catechise-Book in his own's heart's blood.

In other versions Hugh himself requests these, in one asking inconsiderately for a "seven foot Bible," and in another specifying from the bottom of the well that he shall have "pen and ink at every side."

12. *Gin ye be there*, etc.: the pathetic note in the mother's repeated cry with its tinge of despair at the end, "Whereer ye be," may also have crept in from *The Prioress's Tale*, so similar are the two.

17. *And a' the bells*, etc.: this is the only version that preserves this beautiful touch.

## YOUNG BICHAM

The text is that printed by Child (I, 463) from the Jamieson-Brown MS. There are fifteen versions of the ballad, which is known by various titles: *Young Brechin*, *Young Bekie*, *Young Beichan and Susie Pye*, *The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman*, *Young Bondwell*, and *Susan Py*. The story of the ballad agrees in many respects with a legend of Gilbert Becket, father of the martyr, St. Thomas. In his youth, while fighting in the Holy Land, he was taken prisoner by a Saracen prince, and retained to wait upon him at meat. The daughter of the prince fell in love with him during these days of his servitude, and promised to renounce her own faith and turn Christian if he would marry her. In time, however, Becket escaped and made his way home. The princess followed him, but on her arrival found that the only English word she knew was "London." Wandering through the streets in the hope of finding Becket, she came one day upon his house, and he saw and recognized her. In his perplexity as to whether he should marry one of heathen religion he appealed to the conference of bishops then convened at St. Paul's. They sanctioned his wishes, and he married the Saracen's daughter. The ballad agrees with this story in several significant particulars, such as the formal introduction of the hero (cf. stanza 1), and the reversal of the conventional plot by which the hero returns home and forgets his foreign love instead of going abroad and forgetting the maiden left at home. There is a point also in the similarity between the names Becket and Bekie. But Child is careful to insist that, although the ballad

is unmistakably *affected* by the legend, it is not necessarily *derived* from it, stories with this general outline being common not only in English, but in Norse, Spanish, and Italian. The student will recognize the likeness between *Young Bicham* and *Hind Horn*, allowing for the interchange of the principal characters.

1. *In London city*, etc.: the ballad opens with a formal introduction and contains throughout bits of explanation that are wanting in the "ballads of situation." A comparison of *Babylon*, pure situation, *Hind Horn*, retaining some of the explanatory narrative of the romance, and *Young Bicham*, which follows closely the whole romantic story, will show how the romantic ballad tended toward the characteristics of epic style.

1. *handled him right cruely:* because he was a Christian. According to one version (Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*): —

> For he viewed the fashions of that land,
> Their way of worship viewed he,
> But to Mahound or Termagant
> Would Beichan never bend a knee.

4. *I wot:* the unexpected appearance of the personal pronoun does not at all disturb the impersonal quality which belongs to the ballad. Compared, for example, with the vivid presence of the "I" of the lyric poem, this "I" really has no significance. Nor has the "I" in *The Twa Corbies*, although it there pretends to have seen and heard all that is related, In stanza 11, here, the personal element is more distinct, perhaps, in "I hop this day she sal be his bride"; but so hopes every one upon reaching this point in the story, and so the singer is after all but a representative voice.

4. *Shusy Pye:* this is usually her name, but she is also, in three other versions, Isbel, Essek, and Sophia.

9. *Go set your foot*, etc.: in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads* the following stanza appears at this point: —

> She 's broken a ring from her finger,
> And to Beichan half of it gave she:
> "Keep it, to mind you of that love
> The lady bore that set you free,"

and the incident closes much as in *Hindhorn* with, —

And she has taen her gay gold ring,
That with her love she brake so free;
Says, Gie him that, ye proud porter,
And bid the bridegroom speak to me.

An important incident, wanting in this version, is told in *Young Bekie*, Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, as follows: —

O it fell once upon a day
Burd Isbel fell asleep,
An up it starts the Belly Blin,
An stood at her bed-feet.

"O, waken, waken, Burd Isbel,
How [can] you sleep so soun,
Whan this is Bekie's wedding day,
And the marriage gain on?

"Ye do ye to your mither's bower,
Think neither sin nor shame;
An ye tak twa o your mither's marys,
To keep ye frae thinking lang.

"Ye dress yoursel in the red scarlet,
An your marys in dainty green,
An ye put girdles about your middles
Woud buy an earldome.

"O ye gang down by yon sea-side,
An down by yon sea-stran;
Sae bonny will the Hollans boats
Come rowin till your han.

"Ye set your milk-white foot abord,
Cry, Hail ye, Domine!
An I shal be the steerer o't
To row you oer the sea."

Child notes (I, 67) that in all the ballads (five) where the Belly Blin appears he is "a serviceable household demon; of a decidedly benignant disposition in . . . four, and, though a loathly fiend with seven heads in [one], very obedient and useful when once thoroughly subdued." Cf. *Gil Brenton* (Child I, 73), stanza 35, and *Willie's Lady* (Child, I, 86), stanza 29.

13. *O has he taen a bonny bride*, etc.: the version quoted above claims that Bicham was still faithful to his love: —

He had nae been in 's ain country
A twelvemonth till an end,
Till he 's forced to marry a duke's daughter,
Or than lose a' his land.

"Ohon, alas!" says young Beckie,
"I know not what to dee;
For I canno win to Burd Isbel,
And she kensnae to come to me."

16. *The like of whom I did never see:* the bride is here silently tolerant of the porter's uncomplimentary comparison, but in the version already quoted she is ready with reproof: —

Then out it spake the bierly bride,
Was a' goud to the chin;
"Gin she be braw without," she says,
"We 's be as braw within."

19. *O quickly ran he down the stair:* his haste is more headlong in another version (Pitcairn's MSS.): —

It 's he 's taen the table wi his fist,
And syne he took it wi his knee;
He gard the glasses and wine so red,
He gard them all in flinders flee.

23. *changd her name:* by the rite of Christian baptism.

## GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR

The text is that printed by Child (V, 98) from Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scots Songs*, 1769. The story is cited by Professor Child as one of a group of tales, French, Italian, German, Arabian, Turkish, all of which turn upon a penalty for speaking first, agreed upon with varying circumstances between husband and wife. In this ballad, the compact is not a serious one nor one that involves serious consequences as in some of the tales. It is only a merry matrimonial jest, told with spirit and dash; a genuine bit of healthy fun that sharply distinguishes this from some coarser stuff in the small

group of humorous ballads which we have to draw from. Professor Child prints a refrain for this version, given by Christie as "common in the north of Scotland from time immemorial": —

> And the barring o our door,
> Weel, weel, weel!
> And the barring o our door, weel!

1. *puddings:* white puddings are made chiefly of suet and oatmeal; black puddings are mixed with blood. Both are in the form of sausages.

## THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN

The text is that printed by Child (IV, 499) from *Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy* as communicated to Scott by James Hogg. (See Introduction, p. xl.) There are seven versions, some fragmentary, of this ballad. For this version Scott says he obtained two copies "from the recitation of old persons residing at the head of Ettrick Forest, by which the story is brought out and completed in a manner much more correspondent to the true history." The "copies" were really two letters from James Hogg containing twenty-nine stanzas "collected from two different people, a crazy old man and a woman deranged in her mind," whose memories failed at the most interesting points; and a collection of lines, entire and broken, gotten by "pumping an old friend's memory." Out of these Hogg made eleven stanzas more, which are bracketed in the text. Lockhart (under July, 1831) records Scott's love for this ballad to the last days of his life: "It was again a darkish cloudy day, with some occasional mutterings of distant thunder, and perhaps the state of the atmosphere told upon Sir Walter's nerves; but I had never before seen him so sensitive as he was all the morning after this inspection of Douglas. He . . . chanted, rather than repeated, in a sort of deep and glowing, though not distinct recitative, his first favorite among all the ballads, —

"It was about the Lammas tide,
When husbandmen do win their hay,
That the doughty Douglas bownde him to ride
To England to drive a prey,—

down to the closing stanzas, which again left him in tears —

"My wound is deep — I fain would sleep —
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me beneath the bracken-bush,
That grows on yonder lily-lee."

A circumstantial account of this battle, "best fought and the most severe," is given by Froissart, who learned his details first hand from the participants upon both sides. Briefly the facts are these: During the reign of Richard II, the Scots, in a spirit of retaliation, busied themselves with invading and ravaging the north of England. One division of their forces, under James, Earl of Douglas, in 1388 laid siege for three days to the walls of Newcastle. Here Douglas met Harry Percy, "Hotspur," in a single combat and bore away his lance and pennon with the taunt that he would raise the flag on the highest point of his castle at Dalkeith. Percy vowed that it should never be carried out of Northumberland, and the Douglas's reply was, "Come then to-night and win it back; I will plant it before my tent." Percy mustered his forces, gave chase to the Scottish army when they broke camp the next day, and, following up their rear closely, made a night attack upon them encamped at Otterburn, some twenty miles from their own frontier. The battle was fought in the dark, hand to hand, and stubbornly on both sides. The English were defeated and Percy was taken prisoner. The Scots also lost their leader, for, thirsting for glory, he seized a battleaxe, and shouting, "Douglas! Douglas!" forced his way into the heart of the enemy's ranks, where he was felled by three spear-strokes at once. His dying requests were: "First, that yee keep my death close both from our owne folke and from the enemy; then, that ye suffer not my standard to be lost or cast downe; and last, that ye avenge my death, and bury me at Melrosse with my father.

If I could hope for these things, I should die with the greatest contentment; for long since I heard a prophesie that a dead man should winne a field, and I hope in God it shall be I." And the story goes, that over his stone tomb at Melrose was finally raised the Earl's banner.

Child speaks of this as a "transcendently heroic ballad"; and Gummere praises *Otterburn* and the *Cheviot* as rising from "the arid foothills" of battle ballads like "peaks of the Sierras." And commenting further upon its heroic spirit, the latter says (*The Popular Ballad*, 258 ff.): "The chivalry lies here in facts. . . . It is the chivalry and the sentiment of men-at-arms, if not of lofty knighthood itself, rather than the work of a professional song-writer . . . pouring out impetuous scorn upon the foe. . . . It is the spirit characteristic of fourteenth century Englishmen at their best, as history records it in Edward III with his sacred word of honor and his generosity to the captive, as Chaucer embodies it in his knight and his squire, and as Shakespeare, with amazing sympathy, has fixed it in his Hotspur, the Percy of these ballads." As to the origin of these ballads he writes (*ibid.* 265, 266): "For these two [*Otterburn* and the *Cheviot*] are chronicle ballads, — with emphasis on the chronicle. The fight of Otterburn was surely sung on both sides of the border, in hall, bower, and cottage, by the roadside, and at the dance; but what we have in the two splendid poems about it seems to come to us, in stuff and spirit, from men-at-arms, — who, as the bishop testifies, could make and sing their ballads readily enough, — with more or less editing, recasting, and fresh phrasing by minstrels of varying degree. . . . They are ballads of fight, traditional but not popular in the normal sense of the word. There is nothing choral or concerted or dramatic in them; they seem to have been epic from the start. But it is useless to speculate on their far-off and conjectural making; they are made, and, more to the purpose, have been kept; they are to be taken as Dryden would have men take Chaucer, and one is glad enough to say that here is God's plenty."

1. *When the muir-men won their hay:* again, a conventional statement of the season.

1. *doughty Earl Douglas:* the glory of this house began in Scottish history with Sir James Douglas, one of the defenders of Bruce in the battle of Bannockburn. This ballad has throughout the epic way of naming single heroes for special praise.

2. *Gordons, Graemes, Lindsays, Jardines:* illustrious Scottish families. Evidently one of those petty feuds which were always breaking up the Scottish army kept the Jardines from sharing the glory of those who rose with the Douglas.

3. *Tine*, the Tyne River, flowing through Northumberland to the North Sea.

3. *Almonshire:* Hogg wrote to Scott: "Almon shire may probably be a corruption of Banbrugh shire [a castle-town overlooking the North Sea], but as both my relaters called it so, I thought proper to preserve it."

4. *Newcastle*: the capital of Northumberland, on the Tyne: now the great coal port.

5. *Lord Piercy*: Harry Hotspur, the son of the Percy of the *Cheviot*. This distinguished family traced its honors back to the day of William de Piercy, companion of William the Conqueror.

8. *But O how pale*, etc.: this stanza Child calls, "spurious, modern in diction and in conception."

11. *Otterburn:* a brook about twenty-five miles distant; the site of the battle is now marked by a monument.

20. *a dreary dream:* dreams are not so common a means of warning in the ballads as are apparitions and natural signs. For a similar incident, cf. *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne*, stanzas 3 and 4. This is perhaps the best known stanza of the whole ballad.

20. *Isle o Sky:* Skye is one of the Inner Hebrides off the west coast of Scotland.

22. *They swakked their swords*, etc.: the abundant alliteration in this ballad and in the *Cheviot* is one of the evi-

dences that they did not spring from "simple countryside memory."

24. *My ain dear sister's son:* cf. note on stanza 15, *Johnie Cock.*

23. *But Piercy wi his good broad-sword*, etc.: Child thinks this stanza must be derived from the English version, as the flight of Douglas would be most repulsive to Scottish national feeling.

37. *But yield thee to the breaken bush:* Child's comment is: "The summons to surrender to a braken-bush is not in the style of fighting-men or fighting-days, and would justify Hotspur's contempt of metre-ballad-mongers." See Introduction, p. xxxvii.

38. *I will not yield*, etc.: Hogg wrote to Scott, after this stanza: "Piercy seems to have been fighting devilishly in the dark; indeed, my relaters added no more, but told me that Sir Hugh died on the field, but that"— as follows in stanza 40. The ending of Scott's earlier version was (Child, III, 301): —

> As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
> He struck his sword's point in the gronde;
> The Montgomery was a courteous knight,
> And quickly took him by the honde.
>
> This deed was done at the Otterbourne,
> About the breaking of the day;
> Earl Douglas was buried at the braken-bush,
> And the Percy led captive away.

## CHEVY CHASE

The text is that printed by Child (III, 311) from the Percy MS. There are two versions of this ballad, the older being known as *The Hunting of the Cheviot.* The historical value of the story it tells and the relation it bears to the incidents told in *The Battle of Otterburn* are subjects of dispute. Percy says very truly, "The only battle, wherein an Earl of Douglas was slain fighting with a Percy, was

that of Otterbourne." Hume of Godscroft, as early as 1644 (cf. Child, III, 303), disclaims all historic basis: "That which is commonly sung of the Hunting of Chiviot, seemeth indeed poeticall and a meer fiction, perhaps to stirre up vertue; yet a fiction whereof there is no mention, neither in the Scottish nor English chronicle." Hale believes that "the ballad on the *Hunting of the Cheviot*, — borrowed largely from that on the Battle of Otterbourne, — was, in fact, in course of time believed to celebrate the same event." Child's (III, 304) conclusion is: "The differences in the story of the two ballads, though not trivial, are still not so material as to forbid us to hold that both may be founded upon the same occurrence, the 'Hunting of the Cheviot' being of course the later version, and following in part its own tradition, though repeating some portions of the older ballad." (His further comparison of the two may be read in III, 304, 305.)

But whatever their relationship, Hale's comment holds that "the two ballads represent two different features of the old Border life — the Raid and the defiant Hunt." The enormity of hunting in another's territory can be appreciated only when we recall the strictness of the laws of the Marches, often renewed and faithfully enforced. So the boastful vow of the Earl of Northumberland that he would hunt at his pleasure for three days on forbidden ground was as good as a direct challenge.

It was probably this ballad in an older version that called forth the praise of Sir Philip Sidney: "Certainly I must confesse my own barbarousness. I never heard the olde song of Percy and Duglas that I found not my heart mooved more then with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blinde crouder, with no rougher voyce then rude stile: which, being so evill apparrelled in the dust and cobwebbes of that uncivill age, what would it worke trymmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar!" With this version, also, Percy opened his *Reliques* with the comment that, "those genuine strokes of nature and artless passion, which

have endeared it to the most simple readers, have recommended it to the most refined; and it has equally been the amusement of our childhood, and the favorite of our riper years." Of our later version, which was probably the only one known to him, Addison wrote an appreciation in *The Spectator*, Nos. 70 and 74. He says, "The old song of Chevy-Chase is the favorite ballad of the common people of England, and Ben Jonson used to say he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works."

1. *God prosper long*, etc.: this direct invocation impresses us at once with the presence of the singer himself, — not, says Child, "a critical historian," but one who "supposes himself to be dealing with facts . . . and partial to his countrymen."

2. *Cheuy Chase:* Chyviot in the older version changed easily to Cheuy or Chevy; just as in stanza 14 Teviotdale became Tivydale. "Hunting ground upon the Cheviot Hills . . . Chase is thus shown to be the *place* of hunting, not the *act*."— Skeat.

5. *present:* immediate.

14. *Tiuydale . . . Tweed:* the Teviot River flows into the Tweed, which forms a boundary between Scotland and England, emptying into the North Sea.

17. *milke-white steede:* cf. "the milk white steed" of the Queen of Elfland, in *Thomas Rymer*, and "the milk-white han" in *The Twa Sisters*. "Milk-white" was a stock ballad epithet and an heroic color, even Robin Hood often being described by it. The single touch of description here is also the characteristic ballad way of giving a whole impression of splendor without any enumeration of detail. So, in *Lord Thomas and Fair Annet*, Annet's gown "skinkled in their een" and "shimmered like the sun."

23. *Let thou and I the battell trye*, etc.: the setting is genuinely epic here, — the background of the two bodies of retainers and the contest of the leaders before their hosts.

24. *Henery our king:* since the battle of Otterburn (1388) was fought in the reign of Richard II (1377–1400),

Henry is a name simply chosen at random by the minstrel as a common king's name in England.

25. *That ere my captaine fought*, etc.: cf. the parley between Robin Hood and Little John in *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne*, stanzas 8–10.

31. *Like lyons . . . like raine:* these, and others throughout these stanzas, are conventional ballad similes, bare of any attempt at heightening the style.

33. *James our Scottish king:* James I was not born until 1394, six years after Otterburn; but Bishop Percy said: "A succession of two or three Jameses, and the long detention of one of them in England, would render the name familiar to the English and dispose a poet in those rude times to give it to any Scottish king he happened to mention."

35. *I will not yeelde to any Scott*, etc.: there is a suggestion here of Macbeth's boast to Macduff: —

> But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
> Brandish'd by man that 's of a woman born. V, vii.

Still closer is the parallel in the old version, which reads: —

> "Nay," sayd the Lord Persë,
> "I tolde it the beforne,
> That I wolde neuer yeldyde be
> 'to no man of a woman born."

38. *Then leauing liffe*, etc.: "That beautiful line *taking the dead man by the hand* will put the reader in mind of Æneas's behavior towards Lausus, whom he himself had slain as he came to the rescue of his aged father." Addison, *The Spectator*, No. 70. Gummere speaks of this passage as one that "breathes a spirit as noble as Sidney's own knighthood, and must have delighted his soul." The following stanza is a disappointing anti-climax, but one gets used to such naïve slips in ballad poetry.

46. *The grey-goose-winge*, etc.: this thought "was never touched by any other poet, — and is such an one as would have shined in Homer or in Virgil." Addison, *The Spectator*, No. 74.

48. *Sir John of Egerton*, etc.: it is possible to identify all these heroes, but as with "the muster-rolls" of Milton's "charmed names" the charm is in listening to their sound.

50. *For when his leggs were smitten of*, etc.: Child cites (III, 306; IV, 502; V, 298) other incidents parallel to this.

52. *his sister's sonne was hee:* cf. *Johnie Cock*, stanza 15, and *Otterburn*, stanza 24. Cf. also Gummere on *The Sister's Son* in *An English Miscellany*.

62. *after on Humble-downe:* "The singer all but startles us with his historical lore when he informs us . . . that King Harry the Fourth 'did the battle of Hombylldown' to requite the death of Percy; for though the occasion of Homildon was really another incursion on the part of the Scots, and the same Percy was in command of the English who in the ballad meets his death at Otterburn, nevertheless the battle of Homildon was actually done fourteen years subsequent to that of Otterburn and fell in the reign of Henry Fourth." — *Child.* It is, of course, a ballad liberty — to assign the cause of the battle of Homildon to the results of the Percy's defiance. The battle was fought in 1402, and the English under the lead of Northumberland and Hotspur defeated the Scots under Archibald, Earl of Douglas, cousin of James, Earl of Douglas, killed at Otterburn.

64. *God saue our king*, etc.: concerning the presence of the minstrel in his song, already noted in the invocation, Gummere says (*The Popular Ballad*, 260): "Judging them, then, by their tone, these ballads spring originally from fighting men of the better sort, and suggest the old songs of warriors by warriors and for warriors which one guesses in the background of epic. Precisely, too, as the nobler sort of rhapsode or professional poet worked old improvisations into epic shape without impairing their note of simple and hardy courage, so a border minstrel of whatever time has surely laid his hand upon the original form of these stirring verses."

## JOHNIE ARMSTRONG

The text is that printed by Child (III, 367) from *Wit Restored in severall Select Poems not formerly publisht, London*, 1658. There are three versions, and the ballad is also known as *Johnie Armstrong's Last Good-Night*. Cf. introductory note on *Bonny Barbara Allan*. The Armstrongs were an important family in Liddesdale in the fourteenth and following centuries, and in their lawlessness doubtless as troublesome to their own king as to the English. John Armstrong early in the sixteenth century built for himself a tower stronghold, called Gilnockie, on the Esk River. In 1530 James the Fifth levied an army to reduce the outlaws on his borders, and among them captured and hanged John Armstrong. Lindsay's *Cronicles of Scotland* corroborate the ballad in asserting that Armstrong was captured by strategy and hanged without a hearing. Child quotes (III, 364, 365) from the *Cronicles* as follows: "So when he entered in before the king, he came very reverently, with his foresaid number very richly appareled, trusting that in respect he had come to the king's grace willingly and voluntarily, not being taken nor apprehended by the king, he should obtain the more favor. But when the king saw him and his men so gorgeous in their apparel, and so many braw men under a tyrant's commandment, throwardlie he turned about his face, and bade take that tyrant out of his sight, saying, What wants yon knave that a king should have? But when John Armstrong perceived that the king kindled in a fury against him, and had no hope of his life, notwithstanding of many just and fair offers which he offered to the king . . . [he] said very proudly, I am but a fool to seek grace at a graceless face. But had I known, sir, that ye would have taken my life this day, I should have lived upon the borders in despite of King Harry and you both; for I know King Harry would down weigh my best horse with gold to know that I were condemned to die this day

So he was led to the scaffold, and he and all his men hanged."

1. *Westmerland:* since Westmoreland is an English county, this is, of course, an error, to be accounted for partly by the fact that this is an English ballad, and perhaps by Professor Child's explanation that Armstrong lived in the West March.

1. *eight score men in his hall:* the account of Armstrong in Anderson's (*c.* 1618–35) History (cf. Child, III, 365) says: "The English people was exceeding glad when they understood that John Armstrong was executed, for he did great robberies and stealing in England, maintaining twenty-four men in household every day upon reiff and oppression."

2. *milke-white:* cf. note on stanza 17, *Chevy Chase.*

4. *The king he writt an a letter then:* cf stanza 3, *Sir Patrick Spence.*

7. *Every won of you shall have*, etc.: an unusual amount of detail for ballad description. Gummere says (*The Popular Ballad*, 308): "This care for details leads away from balladry, and points, though from remote distance, to Chaucer."

8. *ten of the clock:* there is a dramatic power in these statements of time. Note here the repetition of the first line of stanza 8; note also in *Chevy Chase*, stanza 3, line 4; stanza 7, line 3.

11. *Good Lord, what a grevious look looked hee!:* in lines like this and line 4, stanza 8, we feel the clan grief voiced in the minstrel.

11. *Asking grace of a graceles face:* this memorable line also occurs in the ballad of *Mary Hamilton*, see Child (III, 389). It is one of the instances where the verbal repetition characteristic of primitive poetry is peculiarly impressive.

14. *faire Eddenburrough rose:* another version is a little stronger on this point:

> But then rise up all Edenborough,
> They rise up by thousands three.

13. *Fight on, my merry men all*, etc: there are few so spirited battle calls in all the ballads. Gummere says (*The Popular Ballad*, 37): "Doubtless all these might be traced back to the improvised boat-song of the Germanic clansman in hall or camp, at the feast before the fight, with a refrain of his comrades, *truci cantu*, as Tacitus calls it, a wild choral ringing through woods and hills to the amazement of the silent Roman legions."

17. *Newes then was brought to young Ionnë Armestrong:* "Not infrequently, in popular ballads, a very young (even unborn) child speaks, by miracle, to save a life, vindicate innocence, or for some other kindly occasion; sometimes again to threaten revenge, as here." — *Child.* Cf. *Edom o Gordon*, stanza 19; and Scott, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto First, ix, —

> Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
> Her son lisped from the nurse's knee,
> "And if I live to be a man,
> My father's death revenged shall be!"

Gummere's discussion of the ballad coronach and the ballad good-night will be found suggestive here. See *The Popular Ballad*, 207–215.

## CAPTAIN CAR

The text is that printed by Child (III, 430) from a British Museum manuscript of the last of the sixteenth century, a date very near that of the event recounted. There are nine versions of the ballad, one of them known as *The Burning o Loudon Castle* and others as *Edom o Gordon*. The ballad rests upon historical fact. Adam Gordon was deputy-lieutenant for Queen Mary in the north of Scotland in 1571, and so came into collision with the Forbeses, who supported the king's party. Gordon seems to have been usually successful in these encounters, but, in the words of the contemporary *History of King James the Sixth*, "what glory and renown he obtained of these two victories was all cast down by the infamy of his next attempt; for immedi-

ately after this last conflict he directed his soldiers to the castle of Towie, desiring the house to be rendered to him in the queen's name; which was obstinately refused by the lady, and she burst forth with certain injurious words. And the soldiers being impatient, by command of their leader, Captain Ker, fire was put to the house, wherein she and the number of twenty-seven persons were cruelly burnt to the death." Child notes (III, 425) that it is more probable that Captain Ker burnt Towie while executing a general commission to hang the Forbeses than that this house should have been made a special object. But whether this were so or not, it is evident from the terms in which the transaction is spoken of by contemporaries, who were familiarized to a ferocious kind of warfare, that there must have been something quite beyond the common in Captain Ker's proceedings on this occasion, for they are denounced even in these days as infamous, inhuman, and barbarously cruel, and the name of Adam Gordon is said to have been made odious by them." Elsewhere in the chronicles, he is reported for signal instances of humanity. Where *Otterburn* and *Chevy Chase* are international in their interest, this ballad is purely domestic, and presents all the virtues which go to make the ballad ideal of true wifehood.

1. *At Martynmas:* a conventional calendar opening, like that of *Otterburn*, or *Bonny Barbara Allan.*

1. *go take a holde:* look for a stronghold for the winter.

2. *Wether you will*, etc.: equivalent to the deferential "we will go where you please."

3. *I knowe wher*, etc.: here speaks Captain Car.

4. *to the towne:* simply an inclosed place.

10. *I will not geue ouer my hous*, etc.: the spirit of these lines is what "awoke an admiring response in the ballad world." The pictures of Lady Hamilton in these stanzas and in stanza 4 touch as quickly.

14. *That he would saue my eldest sonne:* a demand of extremity as she finds herself hard pressed.

21. *John Hamleton:* the false steward, a former ser-

vant, here reminds me of the false "nourice" in *Lamkin*. "The making Gordon burn a house of the Hamiltons, who were of the queen's party, is a heedless perversion of history such as is to be found only in 'historical' ballads."—*Child*.

23. *are in close:* in a narrow place.

24. *Lord Hamleton:* this is, of course, confusion for one of the Forbeses.

28. *so quite:* Gummere suggests the addition of *away*.

## THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY

The text is that printed by Child (III, 447) from Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1750. There are two versions of the ballad, which is printed in numerous collections. James Stewart, the hero, became Earl of Murray by his marriage with the oldest daughter of the Regent Murray. The contemporary *History of King James the Sixth*, already quoted, says, "He was a comely personage, of a great stature, and strong of body like a kemp." He was suspected of being among the followers of Bothwell in the assault upon Holyrood House, 1591, and the Earl of Huntly, his enemy, persuaded the king to let him seize Murray and bring him to trial. He came upon him at the castle of his mother, the Lady Doune, and fired the house. The earl endured the smoke longer than the other inmates, but finally, under cover of the night, left and ran through his enemies to a hiding-place in the rocks. Here he would have been safe had not the tip of his headpiece taken fire before he left the house, and revealed his position to his pursuers. The clamors of the people were so loud against the outrage, that the king, even, dared not stay in Edinburgh, but betook himself to Glasgow. Huntly went unpunished, either, as Child suggests, because the king really believed in the earl's guilt, or because, according to James Balfour, "the queen, more rashly than wisely, some few days before had commended [Murray] in the king's hearing, with too many

epithets of a proper and gallant man." Like parts of *Sir Patrick Spence* (cf. stanzas 9, 10) or *Johnie Armstrong* (stanzas 11–13, 16), the ballad is of the coronach type, but is peculiarly interesting for the complete detachment of the narrative from the situation, and for the intensity of the choral grief.

1. *Ye Highlands, and ye Lawlands:* the line wakes echoes of Burns's "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon."

1. *layd him on the green:* the body of the earl lay unburied for several months in the church at Leith, waiting for his murder to be avenged.

2. *Now wae be to thee, Huntly*, etc.: this is spoken by the king. In one version (Finlay's *Scottish Ballads*) Huntly is represented as the brother of the Countess of Murray, and the ballad opens: —

> "Open the gates,
> And let him come in;
> He is my brother Huntly,
> He 'll do him nae harm."

3. *rid at the ring:* in this game one rode at full speed and tried to carry off on the point of his lance a ring suspended from some slight support.

5. *playd at the glove:* probably, a similar game in which a glove takes the place of the ring.

6. *Castle Doun:* one of the seats of the Earls of Murray.

## KINMONT WILLIE

This is printed by Child (III, 472) from Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, the only version. Scott says, "This ballad is preserved by tradition in the West Borders, but much mangled by reciters, so that some conjectural emendations have been absolutely necessary to render it intelligible." How much of its form is due to Scott, and how much to tradition, it is impossible to say. Child (III, 472) says: "It is to be suspected that a great deal more emendation was done than the mangling of reciters rendered abso-

lutely necessary," and he clamors for stanzas 10–12 and 31 in their mangled state. Kittredge (Introduction to Cambridge Edition of Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, xxix, xxx) says: "The traditional ballad appears to be inimitable by any person of literary cultivation, and we may feel grateful to those poets and poetasters who have tried their hands at it, for their invariable failure is one of the strongest proofs — amounting almost to demonstration — that there *is* a difference between the 'poetry of the folk' and 'the poetry of art.' A solitary, though doubtful, exception is 'Kinmont Willie,' which is under vehement suspicion of being the work of Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter's success, however, . . . would only emphasize the universal failure. And it must not be forgotten that 'Kinmont Willie,' if it is to be Scott's work, is not made out of whole cloth; it is a working-over of one of the best traditional ballads known ('Jock o' the Side'), with the intention of fitting it to an historical exploit of Buccleuch's. Further, the exploit itself was of such a nature that it might well have been celebrated in a ballad, — indeed, one is tempted to say that it must have been so celebrated. And finally, Sir Walter Scott felt towards 'the Kinmont,' and the 'bold Buccleuch' precisely as the moss-trooping author of such a ballad would have felt. For once, then, the miraculous happened, and, when we study the situation, we perceive that, for this once, it was not so great a miracle after all."

The exploit recounted in the ballad is, briefly, as follows: William Armstrong, of the same family as the hero of *Johnie Armstrong*, was captured for freebooting by the English about 1596 and imprisoned in Carlisle Castle. Sir Walter Scott, laird of Buccleuch, tried to obtain his release from Sakeld, the representative of Lord Scroop, warder of the West Marches; and this failing, from Queen Elizabeth herself. But his appeals being refused, he set out for Carlisle in April with two hundred horsemen, made a breach in the castle walls, entered and captured the watchmen, and set the prisoner free. Scroop and Sakeld were

both sleeping in the castle, and Willie, as he leaves them, calls back a satirical good-night. The Scots were pursued to the river Eden, but the flooded banks checked their enemies there, and their escape was assured.

1. *Hairibee:* the place of execution near Carlisle.

3. *Liddel-rack:* a ford in the river Liddel.

6. *take farewell o me:* as he did, most effectively, in stanza 38.

13. *O were there war*, etc.: since there was not, he was most careful in taking the castle "to have it seen," says the old chronicle, "that he did intend nothing but the reparation of his majesty's honor," no one was injured and no booty was taken.

19. *broken men:* outlaws.

19. *Woodhouselee:* Buccleuch's house on the Border.

20. *'Bateable Lands:* Debateable Lands, a tract on the western border, parted between England and Scotland.

24. *Dickie of Dryhope:* also an Armstrong.

26. *meikle of spait:* overflooded: one recalls Tennyson's lines where Gareth

> in a showerful spring
> Stared at the spate. — *Gareth and Lynette.*

30. *upon the lead:* the leaden roof.

31. *O whae dare meddle wi me:* a famous Liddesdale song.

40. *O mony a time*, etc.: humor "lifts its head" as unexpectedly here as in the straits of the Robin Hood ballads. Gummere says of this ballad (*The Popular Ballad*, 251), "One seems to be reading something like a dramatic lyric of Browning, with moss troopers instead of the old cavalier and without 'my boy George,' but all done to the life."

## BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

The text is that printed by Child (IV, 143) from Smith's *Scottish Minstrel.* There are four versions of this ballad, which is also known as *Bonnie James Campbell.* Of the

identity of the hero Child says (IV, 142): "Campbells enow were killed, in battle or feud, before and after 1590, to forbid a guess as to an individual James or George grounded upon the slight data afforded the ballad." It is a genuine bit of choral grief with a wonderfully strong singing quality, and the lament of the "bonnie bryde" in stanza 4 is close to the "articulate cry" of the poet in the more modern lyric of grief.

## THE DOWY HOUMS O YARROW

The text is that printed by Child (IV, 168) from *Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy*, as given in the handwriting of James Hogg. There are nineteen versions, including several fragments; and the ballad is also known as *The Braes of Yarrow*, *The Dowie Dens* or *Banks of Yarrow* and the *Yetts of Gowrie*. Hogg, sending the version to Scott, wrote as follows (cf. Child, IV, 163): "Tradition placeth the event on which the song is founded very early. That the song hath been written near the time of the transaction appears quite evident, although, like others, by frequent singing the language is become adapted to an age not so far distant. The bard does not at all relate particulars, but only mentions some striking features of a tragical event which everybody knew. . . . The hero of the ballad is said to have been of the name of Scott, and is called a knight of great bravery. He lived in Ettrick . . . but was treacherously slain by his brother-in-law as related in the ballad, who had him at ill will because his father had parted with the half of all his goods and gear to his sister on her marriage with such a respectable man. The name of the murderer is said to be Annand, a name I believe merely conjectural from the name of the place where they are said both to be buried, which at this day is called Annan's Treat, a low muir lying to the west of Yarrow church, where two huge tall stones are erected, below which the least child that can walk the road will tell you the two lords are buried that

were slain in a duel." Scott believed that the ballad referred to the killing of Walter Scott of Tushielaw in 1616; but Child's comment is that "there is nothing in the ballad to connect it preferably with the Scotts; the facts are such as are likely to have occurred often in history, and a similar story is found in other ballads."

Like *The Cruel Brother*, this is a story of a brother's vengeance, except that here the brother spares the woman and slays the man; and in all the versions there is evidently a settled enmity between the family of the lady and that of the knight; evidently, from stanza 13, the former believed the heir an inferior match.

1. *Late at een*, etc.: in other versions the quarrel, which here seems unaccountable, is over a dispute as to who is "The Flower of Yarrow," and the knight's assertion that it is his own lady.

2. *My cruel brother will you betray:* her suspicion is justified by the meeting of her husband, in stanza 5, with the armed men, who would never have been stationed in "the dowy houms o Yarrow" by mere chance.

2. *Yarrow:* the romantic beauty of the stream, as well as the poetic beauty of its name, has made it famous in poetry. Wordsworth alone, in *Yarrow Visited*, *Yarrow Unvisited*, *Yarrow Revisited*, would have made it immortal. Half of the beauty of the ballad is in the melodious echo of the name of the river from stanza to stanza.

3. *O fare ye weel*, etc.: the gallant confidence that has always tempted the gods.

6. *O ir ye come*, etc.: stanza 6 is spoken by the armed men, and 7 is the knight's retort.

8. *Stubborn:* in the sense of fierce, unappeasable.

9. *good brother: i.e.* brother-in-law. Either he took no part in the fight, since all the assailants were killed or wounded; or he is himself "that stubborn knight."

10. *Yestreen I dreamed*, etc.: Percy's version of the ballad opens with this dream: —

"I dreamed a dreary dream this night,
That fills my heart wi sorrow ;
I dreamed I was pouing the heather green
Upon the braes of Yarrow."

10. *Pu'd the heather green :* Child (II, 181, 182) quotes Kinloch as saying that green is considered unlucky in love affairs ; one couplet running,—

Green is love deen,
Yellow 's forsaken,

and another,—

They that marry in green,
Their sorrow is soon seen.

In one version of *Lord Thomas and Fair Annet*, Annie says : —

"I 'll na put on the grisly black,
Nor yet the dowie green."

Gummere (*The Popular Ballad*, 121) speaks of a color scheme for designating the different relatives, green being the color for the death of a brother. This may apply here, since some versions specify all the slain and wounded as Sarah's brothers, although only the loss of her husband is in her mind here. The version printed by Herd follows here with a beautiful, although somewhat conscious, stanza : —

"O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth ! "

15. *Take hame your ousen :* "This I conceive to be an interpolation by a reciter who followed the tradition cited from Hogg." — Child.

## JOHNIE COCK

The text is that printed by Child (III, 3) from the Percy Papers, Miss Fisher's MS., 1780. There are thirteen versions of this ballad, which is also known as *Johnie of Cockerslee*, *Johnie o Cocklesmuir*, *Johnie of Breadislee*, *Johnnie Brad*, *Johnie of Braidisbank*. "The first notice

in print of this *precious specimen of the unspoiled traditional ballad,*" says Child (III, 1) "is in Ritson's Scotish Song, 1794. . . . Scott, 1802, was the first to publish the ballad, selecting 'the stanzas of greatest merit' from several copies which were in his hands." To this version Scott gave the title, *Johnie of Breadislee.* All versions of this "greenwood ballad" agree in the main points of the story, and the character of the outlaw hero, but differ widely as to the scene. As Gummere says, however, "the localities . . . import little or nothing."

1. *Were bound in iron bands: i. e.* were kept from hunting by the game laws. The refrain here may be regarded as proof of the age of this version. Repeating the last word of the third line, and the whole of the fourth line, after the form printed in the first stanza, will give the singing quality which is the ballad's right.

2. *Care-bed she has taen:* she is sick-a-bed of her anxiety.

4. *Lincoln green:* for protective coloring. "Old things and new jostle each other in 'Johnie Cock'; wolves roam about, and birds give information, . . . Johnie himself . . . wears not only Lincoln green, but 'shoes of the American leather.'" — Gummere, *The Popular Ballad*, 267.

5. *bent bow:* the alliteration throughout the ballad is noticeable, although there is here nothing quite so striking as a line in the version of Motherwell's *Minstrelsy:* —

> And he is awa to Braidisbanks,
> To ding the dun deer down.

But all these alliterations are more a matter of traditional phrasing than of conscious composition.

8. *three quarters:* of a yard. Even in this small collection, the reader is convinced by this time that the penknife is a ballad commonplace. When only "three quarters" long, it is always "wee."

15. *sister's son:* Gummere says (*The Popular Ballad*, 183), "The ballads have preserved some remarkable traces of the precedence of a sister's son over a man's own son, a

condition which was noted by Tacitus among the ancient Germans, and is the subject of considerable comment by ethnologists who find it still surviving among barbarous nations and savage tribes." Cf. *Chevy Chase*, stanza 52 and note; *Otterburn*, stanza 24.

17. *The wildest wolf*, etc.: What expression of Johnie's wrath at the cowardly attack upon him could be more impressive than this?

18. *O bows of yew*, etc.: the internal rhymes in this stanza are wonderfully musical.

20. *Is there never a boy:* Child thinks this undoubtedly a corruption for the *bird* of all the other versions. So in Scott's version: —

"O is there na a bonnie bird
Can sing as I can say,
Could flee away to my mother's bower,
And tell to fetch Johnie away?"

The starling flew to his mother's window-stane,
It whistled and it sang,
And aye the ower-word o the tune
"Was, Johnie tarries lang."

## THE ROBIN HOOD BALLADS

Whether Robin Hood was actually an historical character will probably always be a matter of dispute. By some authorities he is believed to have been a great political leader, one of those yeomen who, under Edward II, joined the rebellion of the Earl of Lancaster; they all failed and were ruined, and Robin betook himself at once to Sherwood Forest, where he lived as an outlaw until his death at Kirklees Abbey. Others, including most of the modern critics, consider him a purely literary creation, representative, however, of the general relations between the Anglo-Saxons and the intruding Normans in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. One German scholar, Kuhn, would go still farther and call Robin a purely mythical being, possibly Woden himself, making the connection by the ingenious chain of Hood-

Wood-Woden. Professor Hales says, in his edition of Percy's Folio MS.: "We are not inclined to deny the existence of Robin Hood. There is a certain local precision and constancy in the ballads. We can well believe that . . . some outlaw of the name did make himself famous in the North Country . . . till his name became a household word, and himself the universal darling of the common people." Professor Child says emphatically, "Robin Hood is absolutely a creation of the ballad muse. . . . The only two early historians who speak of him [Bower, *c.* 1441; Paston, *c.* 1473] as a ballad-hero, pretend to have no information about him except what they derive from ballads." The results obtained by Clawson, the most recent investigator of the subject, confirm Child's conclusion. And all contemporary history is silent concerning him except as a ballad hero. The first allusion to Robin Hood is in *Piers Ploughman*, *c.* 1377, where Sloth does not know his *pater noster* but says: "I can rymes of Robyn Hood." Probably these "rymes" were the original ballads from which the *Gest* was composed. The *Gest* was first printed in 1490 with the title, *A Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode*, and is itself a history of the whole life of its hero, divided into eight *Fyttes*. Subsequent ballads, four of which may be of equal age with the material of the *Gest*, contribute new incidents to Robin's career but add little to the original drawing of his character. On this point all agree, — that Robin Hood was a robber on principles of justice only, that he relieved the barons and the bishops of their ill-gotten gains merely that he might distribute them among the poor; that he was loyal to his king but hated the aristocracy, and loved the church but despised her rich prelates. Justice and fair-dealing was always his cry, and he was ever ready to undertake the cause of any man who was put upon. Open-handed, tender-hearted, generous, brave, full of fun and of witty expedients when caught in a trap, — he had in the rough all the virtues of a true English gentleman. He is more a flesh-and-blood hero than King Arthur, and if popularity be any

test, he may be considered his rival as the hero of English song.

## ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE

The text is that printed by Child (III, 91) from the Percy MS. This is a perfect specimen of the purely narrative ballad; and what that implies may be felt by comparing it for a moment with a pure ballad of situation like *Babylon*. It is a long story, with epic characteristics from beginning to end: it has the formal introductory statement of time and place in stanza 1; it is throughout full of alliteration; it abounds in proverbial sayings, as in stanzas 4, 11, 19, etc.: it comments upon the story, as in stanza 36; it consciously guides the reader, as in stanza 21. Furthermore, in true epic style, it centres attention upon the fight, and describes it with a wealth of detail that is wholly unusual. All this is a far cry from the simplicity of those ballads which stand closer to choral origins. The loss of several stanzas at the beginning make the start a little confusing; and the confusion is still worse confounded by the shift to the past tense in the second stanza. In Hales and Furnivall's *Bishop Percy's Folio MS.* the second stanza is split to let in four lines, which help out the story, as follows: —

> The woodweete sang and would not cease
> Amongst the leaves o' lyne;
> [So loud, he wakened Robin Hood,
> In the greenwood where he lay.
>
> "Now, by my foy," said jolly Robin,
> "A sweven I had this night;]
> And it is by two wight yeomen,
> By dear God that I mean."

2. *by:* concerning.

2. *two wight yeomen:* Child says (III, 89, 90): "Sir Guy being one, the other person pointed at must of course be the sheriff of Nottingham (who seems beyond his beat in Yorkshire, but outlaws can raise no questions of jurisdiction), in league with Sir Guy (a Yorkshireman, who has done many

a curst turn) for the capture or slaying of Robin. The dream simply foreshadows danger from two quarters. But Robin Hood is nowhere informed, as we are, that the sheriff is out against him with seven score men, has attacked his camp, and taken John prisoner."

11. *Barnesdale:* one of Robin's favorite haunts in Yorkshire.

17. *Good William a Trent:* as inconsistent a phrase as "wee penknife" "three quarters long" in *Johnie Cock.*

24. *Wilfull of my way*, etc.: I have lost all trace of my way and of the time of morning.

27. *unsett steven:* time not previously fixed upon.

28. *prickes:* the wand used for a mark in shooting. One recalls here Scott's account of the shooting of Lockesley in *Ivanhoe.*

39. *Ah, deere Lady:* Robin's devotion to the Virgin is noticeable in all the ballads. So in the *Gest* we read: —

> Euery day or he wold dyne
> Thre messes wolde he here,
> The one in the worship of the Fader,
> And another of the Holy Gost,
> The thirde of Our derë Lady,
> That he loved allther moste.

40. *Akwarde:* unexpected; or possibly, back-handed.

44. *Put on that capull-hyde:* as disguise.

48. *To see how my men doe ffare:* Robin cannot know that the sheriff is after him and his men. Child concludes that as "there is no cranny where it could have been thrust in, . . . it will not be enough to suppose that verses have been dropped out; there must also have been a considerable derangement of the story."

56. *rowstye by the roote:* rusty not so much with dampness as with the blood of the slain.

## ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL

The text is that printed by Child (III, 106) from *The English Archer, Paisley*, 1786. There are two versions:

the older one of the Percy MS., is imperfect; it is known as *Robin Hoode his Death.* The version here printed, although found only in late garlands, is, to quote Child, "in the fine old strain." Two chronicles of the sixteenth century, Grafton's and Holinshed's, record the main incidents of the ballad, — Robin's going to the nunnery (Bircklies, or Bricklies) to be bled, and falling into the hands of his traitorous cousin; and the latter adds that Little John, after his master's death, fled to Ireland. Practically the same account is given in the *Gest:* —

Yet he was begyled, i-wys,
Through a wycked woman,
The pryoresse of Kyrkësly,
That nye was of hys kynne.
. . . . . .
Cryst haue mercy on his soule,
That dyed on the rode!
For he was a good outlawe,
And dyde pore men moch god.

3. *fair Kirkley:* Kirklees nunnery, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

4. *At the ring:* the hammer of the door-knocker.

4. *so ready as his cousin:* in the older version the suggestion of betrayal comes sooner. Will Scarlett, to whom Robin there announces his intention of going to the nunnery, speaks as follows: —

"That I reade not," said Will Scarllett,
"Master, by the assente of me,
Without a halfe hundred of your best bowmen
You take to goe with yee.

"For there a good yeoman doth abide
Will be sure to quarrell with thee,
And if thou have need of us, master,
In faith we will not flee."

Robin, however, incensed by Will's caution, which he calls cowardice, takes Little John, and proceeds. On the way they meet weeping women whose words seem to have all the foreshadowing of coming doom of the witches in *Macbeth:* —

We weepen for his [Robin's] deare body,
That this day must be lett bloode.

But Robin fears nothing, trusting wholly to the faithfulness of kin.

8. *bleed all the live-long day:* the older version has a graphic touch here. Cf. *Hugh of Lincoln*, stanza 8, and note thereon.

The grave of Robin Hood, so called, is still pointed out to the curious. A cross is said to have once marked the spot, bearing an epitaph to the effect that Robert, Earl of Huntington, called "Robin Hood," died December 24, 1247, and was buried there. One version adds after the nineteenth stanza the following "foolish" lines evidently made to introduce the epitaph (cf. Child, III, 107).

Thus he that never feared bow nor spear
Was murderd by letting blood;
And so, loving friends, the story it ends
Of valiant Robin Hood.

There 's nothing remains but his epitaph now,
Which, reader, here you have,
To this very day which read you may,
As it is upon his grave.
Hey down a derry derry down.

For the epitaph, however, we must go to still another version (cf. Child, III, 107).

Robert Earl of Huntington
Lies under this little stone.
No archer was like him so good,
His wildness nam'd him Robin Hood.
Full thirteen years and something more
These no[r]thern parts he vexed sore:
Such outlaws as he and his men
May England never know again.

## ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THE WIDOW'S THREE SONS

The text is that printed by Child (III, 180) from *The English Archer, Robin Hood's Garland*, York edition,

without date. There are three versions of this ballad, and it is also known as *Robin Hood Rescuing Three Squires.* Out of the whole collection of thirty-six Robin Hood ballads, only five have come down to us in trustworthy ancient form; some twenty of the remainder belong to garlands or broadsides of the seventeenth century. Some of these have in them much of the popular quality, and others are "charwork." But, although inferior, they were well enough beloved in rural England. Their inferiority to a certain extent may be readily felt here after reading *Guy of Gisborne,* — there is a shrinkage in Robin's heroic stature and he seems a little more of an actor upon a stage; the ballad repetition is less effective and in parts tiresome; there is a consciousness in the style throughout. Yet the ballad retains what Gummere calls some "genuine old ballad stuff in its dotage"; and it is interesting as a study in transition between the earliest Robin Hood ballads, of which Child says, "none in England please so many and please so long," and those that are wholly degenerate, "sometimes wearisome, sometimes sickening" variations upon "the theme, 'Robin Hood met with his match.'"

2. *silly old woman: . . . three squires:* in another version she claims them at once as her sons.

6. *Bearing their long bows with thee:* sufficient reason to the loyal Robin to bestir himself.

11. *O thine apparel is good,* etc.: cf. with the change of apparel with the beggar in *Hind Horn.* The palmer naturally doubts Robin's sincerity, but the "twenty pieces of good broad gold" suffice to clinch the bargain.

13. *The first bold bargain:* the spirit of frolic always enters Robin's heart the moment he is embarked upon a new enterprise. Stage accessories, like the hat, cloak, shoes, etc., always add to his glee, for he enjoys "dressing up" as any boy would.

20. *Some suits:* in another version it is the clothes of the hanged men and their money that is offered to him.

21. *jumps from stock to stone:* total disguise is always impossible for Robin.

24. *For thee it blows little good:* the boastful tone rouses quick resentment.

28. *The're my attendants:* in another version we have the dramatic touch of Robin's standing forth, a good yeoman undisguised "in a doublet of red veluett" as soon as his men arrive.

29. *They hangd the proud sheriff:* no choice of escape is offered him here, but in the London edition of the garland, we read: —

"O take them, O take them," says great master sheriff,
"O take them along with thee;
For there 's never a man in all Nottingham
Can do the like of thee."

# GLOSSARY

## A

**a'**, all.
**a**, I (as in *a wat*, I know).
**aboone, aboon**, above.
**ae**, one, single.
**ae**, aye, always.
**aff**, off.
**ails ye at**, troubles ye at.
**ain**, own.
**airn**, iron.
**alane**, alone.
**amblit**, ambled.
**-an, -ane, -and, -en**, etc., annexed to the definite form of the superlative of the adjective (preceded by *the*, *her*, etc.), or to numerals, or following separately, seems to be *an*, *one:* the firstan, nextan, firsten, nexten, that samen. The history of this usage has not been made out.
**ance**, once.
**and**, *superfluous*, as in "when that I was and a little tiny boy." The same usage in German, Swedish, and especially Dutch ballads.
**auld**, old.
**ava**, of all, at all.
**awa**, away.
**awet**, know. Perhaps, await, descry.
**awkwarde stroke**, a backhanded stroke.
**ay, aye**, ever.

## B

**ba**, ball.
**bairn, barn, bern**, child.
**baith**, both.
**bale**, ill, trouble, mischief, harm, calamity, destruction.
**ballup**, front or flap of breeches.
**band(e)**, bond, compact.
**barn-well**, the well has no sense, and has probably been caught from "at the far well-washing."
**basnet**, a light helmet, shaped like a skull-cap.
**bedone**, worked, ornamented.
**belive, beliue**, soon, immediately.
**bent, bents**, a kind of coarse grass, here fields covered with that grass.
**bide**, stay, endure.
**bigly** (Icelandic, byggiligr, habitable), commodious, pleasant to live in, frequent epithet of bower, of a bier: handsomely wrought.
**billie**, comrade, brother; "a term expressive of affection and familiarity."
**birk**, birch.
**blaw**, blow.
**blude, bluid**, blood.
**bode-words**, messages.
**bold**, sharp, brisk.
**boote**, help.
**boots**, profits.
**bore**, hole, crevice.
**borrow**, *v.*, set free, deliver, ransom.
**bot**, but. bot and: see **but and.**
**boun, bowne**, *v.*, make ready, go.
**boun, bon, bowne**, *adj.*, bound, ready. See **boun**, *v.*
**bower, bowr**, chamber.
**bracken, braken, breaken**, fern, brake.
**brae**, hillside, hill, river-bank. "Conjoined with a name, it denotes the upper part of a country, as the Braes of Angus." Jamieson.
**brae**, brow.
**braid**, breadth. *Adj.*, broad.
**braid** (broad) letter, either a letter on a broad sheet or a long letter.
**brake**, fern.

**brand**, sword.
**brast**, burst, broke, broken.
**braw**, fine, handsome, finely dressed.
**breaken**. See **bracken**.
**bree**, broth. See **broo**.
**brim**, sea. The brim of a precipice may be meant.
**broken men**, men under sentence of outlawry, or who lived as vagabonds and public depredators, or were separated from their clans in consequence of crimes. Jamieson.
**broo**, water in which something has been boiled.
**brotch**, brooch.
**burn**, brook.
**busk**, **buss**, 1. make ready. 2. dress, deck. 3. betake oneself, go.
**buss**, bush.
**but and**, **bot and**, **but an**, and also.
**byre**, cow-house.

## C

**capull-hyde**, horse-hide.
**care-bed**, almost, or quite, sick-bed.
**carlin**, **carline**, old woman; or a wealthy woman, low-born woman, peasant woman.
**channerin**, fretting, petulant.
**clame**, *pret.* of climb.
**cleading**, *n.*, clothing.
**cloathe**, garment.
**closs**, enclosure, yard, and, before a house, courtyard; close.
**coffer**, trunk or box, for clothes and valuables.
**corbie**, raven.
**couth**, sound, word. Jamieson.
**crawed**, **crawn**, *p. p.* of craw, crow.
**cum**, *pret.* of come.
**curch**, **curche**, kerchief, woman's head covering.

## D

**daw**, *v.*, dawn.
**dead**, **deed**, *n.*, death.
**deal**, distribute.
**debate**, quarrel.
**dee**, do, be allowed, **borne**.
**dee**, do.
**deir**, dear.
**dight**, dressed.
**dinna**, do not.
**do on**, put on, don.
**doen**, betaken.
**do to**, **do till**, with reflexive pronoun, betake.
**dois**, does.
**dowie**, **dowy**, sad, doleful, melancholy, wretched.
**drap**, drop.
**dre(e)**, **dri**, **drie**, **drye**, suffer, undergo, hold out, stand, be able. **drie to feel**, be compelled, come to feel.
**drumlie**, **-ly**, perturbed, gloomy.
**dule**, **dool**, grief.
**dyke**, wall. Sometimes ditch.

## E

**eare**, **ere**, **ayre**, heir.
**ee**, eye. *Pl.* een.
**eir**, e'er.
**ere**, *v.*, heir.
**erst**, formerly.
**even cloth**, smooth, with the nap well shorn.
**eyne**, eyes.

## F

**fa**, fall.
**fadge**: fat fadge, a lusty and clumsy woman.
**fadir**, father.
**fadom**, fathom.
**faem**, foam, sea.
**fail**, turf.
**fain(e)**, glad, pleased, eager.
**fairlie**, **farlie**, **ferlie**, wonder.
**fallow doe**, a female deer of a smaller species than the red deer.
**fame**, foam, sea.
**fare**, go on.
**fash**, *n.* and *v.*, trouble.
**fause**, false.
**fee**, wages.

**fell**, high land, fit only for pastures, a wild hill.
**fend**, *v.*, provide.
**ffarley**, wondrous, strange.
**flee**, fly.
**fley**, **flay**, frighten. *pret.*, fleed, flied.
**flinters**, flinders, fragments.
**forehammer**, sledge-hammer, the large hammer, which strikes before the smaller.
**fountain stane**, baptismal font.
**frae**, from.
**fu**, full.
**fule**, fowl.

## G

**gae**, go. *pret.*, gaed, ged. *pres. p.*, gain, gan, etc.
**gae**, *pret.* of gie, give.
**gallows-pin**. See **pin**.
**gan**, **gon**, with infinitive, began, did.
**gane**, *p. p.* of gae, go.
**gang**, go, walk.
**gar**, make do, cause.
**gare**, **gair**, **gore**, properly, a triangular piece of cloth inserted in a garment to give width at that part; low down by his (her) gare, is a frequently recurring expression which may be taken literally, down by that part of a garment where the gore would be, low by his knee.
**garlande**, **rose-garlonde**, a circular wreath, apparently hung on a wand or rod.
**gat**, got.
**gear**, goods, property, often cattle; fighting equipments; (silken) gear, clothes,
**ged**. See **gae**.
**geid**, *pret.* of gie, give.
**gie**, give. *pret.*, gied. *p. p.*, gien.
**gier**. See **gear**.
**gif**, if.
**gin**, **gine**, *conj.*, if.
**gin**, given,
**Good**, God.
**goud**, **gowd**, *n.* and *adj.*, gold.
**gouden**, **gowden**, golden.
**gownd**, gown.
**graith**, *v.*, make ready. *p. p.*, graithed, equipped in defensive armor. gowden-graithd before and siller-shod behind, properly, harnessed, but shod seems to be meant here,
**grat**, *pret.* of greet, weep.
**greet**, weep, cry.
**gryte**, great.
**gude**, **guid**, **gueed(e)**, good.

## H

**ha**, house, manor-house.
**hadno**, had not.
**hae**, have.
**halden**, held.
**hame**, home.
**haled**, drew.
**hause-bane**, neck-bone.
**hee**, he.
**hent**, caught, took.
**herry**, harry, pillage, rob.
**holland**, holland, linen.
**hooly**, slowly, softly.
**hope**, expect, think.
**houm**, level low ground on a river-bank.
**hussyfskap**, **husseyskep**, housewifery (she was making puddings).

## I

**ile**, I will.
**ilka**, **ilkae**, each, either.
**into**, in.
**ir**, are.
**I'se**, I shall.

## J

**jaw**, wave, current.
**jimp**, *adj.*, slender, slim.
**jow** (of bell), stroke.

## K

**kail**, **kale**, colewort; broth made of greens, especially of coleworts.
**kaim**, comb.

**keen(e)**, bold.
**kem**, comb.
**ken**, know.
**kirk, kirke**, church.
**knaue**, servant.
**kye**, cows.

## L

**laigh**, low, mean.
**laird**, a landholder, under the degree of knight; the proprietor of a house or of more houses than one.
**laith**, loath.
**lake**, pit, cavity.
**lamer**, amber.
**lang**, long.
**lap**, wrap, roll.
**lap**, *pret.* of leap.
**late**, *pret.* of let, allow.
**lauch**, *n.*, laugh.
**lauch**, *v.*, laugh.
**lav(e)rock**, lark.
**lawin(g)**, tavern-reckoning.
**lear**, instruction, learning, information.
**lee**, untilled ground, grass land, open plain, ground.
**leive**, leave.
**leman**, beloved.
**len**, *v.*, lean.
**leven**, lawn, glade, open ground in a forest.
**lightly(e)**, quickly.
**lightly**, treat with disrespect.
**lillie**, (lea, lee, lie, leven) explained as "overspread with lilies or flowers," but clearly from A. S. léoflíc, M. Eng. lefly, etc., lovely, charming.
**limmer**, a term of opprobrium, or simply of dislike; wretch (*m.* or *f.*), rascal.
**ling**, heather.
**linn, lin, lynn(e)**, water-fall, torrent, pool in a river, especially, below a water-fall.
**lodging-maill**, rent for lodging.
**loot**, *pret.* and *p. p.* of let, allowed, allowed to come.
**loun, lown, lowne, loon**, a person of low rank; rogue; often a mere term of general disparagement (as in English loun).
**low, lowe**, hill.
**low**, flame.
**luiket**, looked.
**lyne**. See **linn**.

## M

**mak**, make.
**mair**, more, bigger.
**make**, mate, consort.
**mane**, moan, complaint, lament; often nothing more than utterance, enunciation.
**marchandise**, dealing.
**march-man**, one who lives on the march, or border.
**marrow** (of man or woman), mate, husband, wife; match, equal in rank, equal antagonist.
**mary, marie, marrie, marry**, a queen's lady, maid-of-honor, maid (like abigail).
**masteryes**, make, do feats of skill.
**maun**, must.
**may**, maid.
**meal**, bag.
**meikle**, much, great.
**micht**, *v.*, might.
**meet**, straight, even.
**middle**, waist.
**mind o, on**, remember.
**mony, monny**, many.
**mot, mote**, may.
**muckle, meikle**, big, much.
**muir**, moor.

## N

**na, nae**, no, not. Frequently united with the preceding verb: hadna.
**nane**, none.
**naething**, nothing.
**neir**, never.
**neist, neisten**, next.
**nextin**, next.
**nie**, nigh.
**nourice**, nurse.

### O

**o**, of.
**oer**, above.
**of**, concerning.
**on**, of, above, to.
**ony**, any.
**or**, before.
**ɔusen**, oxen.
**ɔut of hand, owt o hand**, forthwith.
**ower, owre**, over, too.
**owre**, or, before.

### P

**paction**, compact.
**pain**, penalty.
**pall**, fine cloth.
**pallions**, pavilions.
**pellettes**, bullets.
**pestilett**, pistolet.
**pike**, pick.
**pin, gallows-pin, the** projecting or horizontal beam of the gallows (?). Any projection upon which a rope could be fastened.
**pine**, suffering, pain.
**pitt**, put.
**pitten**, *p. p.* of pit, put.
**plat**, *pret.* of plet: plaited, interfolded.
**prick(e), pry(e)ke, preke**, rod or wand, used as a mark in shooting, prick-wand; a mark generally.
**pu**, pull.

### Q

**querry, quyrry, quarry**, dead game.
**quite**, free, clear, unpunished.

### R

**rade**, rode.
**rank**, wild, bold, strong, violent; rude, boisterous; of spirit and courage, sturdy. **rank robber**, one who robs with violence, "strong thief."
**rawstye by the roote**, rusty, soiled, foul, (with blood) at the end (?).
**rede**, *v.*, advise.
**reed**, red.
**reft**, bereft.
**reiver**, robber.
**rin**, run.
**rive**, tear.
**round tables**, a game.
**row, rowe**, roll. *pret.* and *p. p.*, rowed, rowd, rolled, wound.
**row-footed**, rough-footed.
**rue**, cause to rue.
**rung**, staff, pike-staff.

### S

**sae**, so.
**sair**, sore.
**sall**, shall.
**sark**, shirt, shift.
**saut**, salt.
**scad**, scald.
**schoone**, see **shoon.**
**scroggs**, stunted bushes, or perhaps trees; underwood.
**sel**, self.
**shaftmont, shathmont**, the measure from the top of the extended thumb to the extremity of the palm, six inches.
**shanno**, shall not.
**shaw, shawe**, wood, thicket. See **wode shawe.** In Teviotdale, shawe is "a piece of ground which becomes suddenly flat at the bottom of a hill or steep bank." Jamieson.
**sheave**, *n.*, slice.
**sheen, sheene, sheyne**, shining, bright, beautiful.
**sheene**, *n.*, brightness, splendor.
**sheugh**, trench, ditch, furrow.
**shoon(e)**, shoes.
**shot-window**: the shot-window of recent times is one turning on a hinge, above, and extensible at various angles by means of a perforated bar fitting into a peg or tooth. Donaldson, Jamieson's

Dictionary, 1882, notes that in the west of Scotland a bow-window is called an out-shot window. A bow-window would be more convenient in some of the instances.

**shradds**, coppices.

**sic**, such, such a.

**sick, sicke**, such.

**sin**, since (temporal and causal), then.

**sith**, since.

**skinkled**, sparkled.

**slack**, a gap or narrow pass between two hills; low ground, a morass.

**slight**, demolish.

**slogan**, war-cry, gathering word of a clan.

**sloken**, quench.

**smock**, shirt, chemise.

**smoldereth**, smothereth.

**southin**, southern.

**spait**, flood.

**spauld**, shoulder.

**speer**, inquire.

**spiek**, speak.

**splent** (splint), armor of overlapping plates.

**stane**, stone.

**stark**, strong. stark and stoor, in a moral sense, wanting in delicacy, rude, violent, or indecent.

**stean**: Marie's stean, a stone seat at the door of St. Mary's Church.

**stear, steer**, stir, commotion.

**steid**, steed.

**steuen**, voice. **vnsett steven**, time not previously fixed.

**stickit**, stabbed.

**strack**, struck.

**strake**, stroke.

**strand**, stream.

**streen**, the streen, yestreen, yester night.

**stubborn**, truculent, fierce.

**sum**, some.

**swap, swak** (swords, with swords), smite.

**swat**, *pret.* of swe(a)t, swett(e).

**sweven, sweauen**, dream.

**syke**, ditch, trench.

**syne**, then, afterwards, since, ago.

## T

**taen**, *p. p.*, taken.

**taffetie**, fine silk.

**tane**, the tane, the tither, tother, the one, the other.

**tate, tet, tette**, lock (of hair, of mane).

**tett.** See **tate.**

**that**, so that.

**the**, they.

**theek**, *pret.* and *p. p.*, theekit, theekd; thatched, roofed.

**thegither**, together.

**thimber**, heavy, massive.

**thrae**, through.

**threw**, *pret.* of **thraw**, twisted, intertwined.

**tift**, puff, whiff.

**till**, to.

**to**, for.

**toom**, empty.

**to-towe**, a strong *too.*

**tree**, straight piece of rough wood; crooked tree, bow.

**trew, trow**, believe, suppose.

**tul**, till.

**twa**, two.

**twain**, *v.*, part. See **twin.**

**twin, twine, twyne**, deprive; part with; separate; part, *intrans.*

## U

**under night**, in the night.

**until**, into, to.

## W

**wa**, wall.

**wad**, would.

**wae**, wo.

**wae**, *adj.*, unhappy.

**wame**, womb.

**wan**, dark-colored, pallid, colorless, white.

**wan**, *pret.* of win.

**war, waur**, were.

**waran, warrant**, sponsor for, security; safeguard.

**wardle**, world. wardle's make, see **warld.**

**warld**, world. **warld's make**, word-lye make, world's, earthly, mate, consort.
**warlock**, wizard.
**warst**, worst.
**wat, wate, wait, watt, weet, wet, wit, wite, wyte, wis, wot**, know. I wat, wate, a wat, a wite, etc., frequently nothing more than assuredly, indeed. *pret.*, wist. *p. p.*, wist, west.
**wat a, a wat**, I wat.
**water, water-side**, "the banks of a river, in the mountainous districts of Scotland the only inhabitable parts." Scott.
**weel**, well.
**ween**, lament.
**weet, weit**, wet.
**well-wight**, very strong, sturdy, stalwart; but, sometimes, brave.
**wex**, wax, grow.
**wether** (perhaps, whether), whither.
**wha**, who.
**whaten a, whatten**, what sort? what (in particular)?
**white money, monie**, silver.
**wi**, with.
**wight**, strong; but also, denoting bodily activity, brisk, sturdy.
**wile**, vile.
**wilfull**, 280, 24: wilfull of my way, astray, lost; *and of my morning tyde* may be that he does not know the hour, or, he has lost his time as well as his road.
**win**, make your way, arrive; get, go. *pret.*, wan. *p. p.*, won, wan, win.
**winna, winne**, will not.
**wiss**, *v.*, wish.
**won**, dwell.
**won, win**, get, go, come, arrive; gain, earn.
**wood wroth**, furiously angry.
**woodweele, wodewale**, 279, 2 (MS. woodweete), woodwale, woodlark (?). Generally explained as woodpecker; sometimes as thrush, red-breast.
**wow**, exclamation of distress, admiration, or sorrowful surprise.
**wrocken, wroken**. *p. p.*, avenged.
**wul, wull**, will.
**wyle**, choose; also entice.
**wylie**, wily.

## Y

**yae**, every.
**ye'se**, ye shall.
**yestreen**, yesterday even, yester night.
**yon**, yonder.

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